

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK,

AUGUST 25, 1894.

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(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)

# ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894.

# ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is it not true, as I have said in these columns, that civilization needs prevention before, instead of punishment after, the Anarchist throws the bomb?

At 5 A.M., August 15, Santo Caserio, the assassin of President Carnot, was guillotined at Lyons, shouting "Courage, comrades. Long live Anarchy." A day or two before a plot to assassinate Italian Premier Crispi was discovered, and three Anarchists were arrested, one of whom had been selected to throw the bomb. On the evening of August 14 a bomb was exploded in the New-Cross Postoffice, South London. Attached to the fuse was this label, slightly scorched by the explosion: "To the memory of Ravachol, Vailant, Bourdin and Caserio."

It is clear that capital punishment in these cases only serves to inflame other Anarchists, and make them more crafty and vindictive. They seem to grow blood-thirsty at sight of the guillotine and the garrote in France and Spain. There is little doubt also that in both those countries people with criminal propensities and sympathies, and morbidly impulsive people without those traits, are led to a sort of undefined admiration for the wretches who seal their lives of lawlessness with their own blood. Human nature is inclined to forgive the dead.

The Anarchist is more than an outlaw and a rebel against society and government. He is an enthusiast, a visionary who believes in his own dreams, and justifies to himself his most destructive excesses. No Hereafter stares him in the face, for he falls asleep in welcome extinction—leaving at least one extra Anarchist to take his place. For these mental maladies are contagious. Even his courage, such as it is, is contagious. France has done well to draw the veil of secrecy over Anarchist trials, sentences and punishment. If she would send these wretches to some penal colony for life, they might in time be cured. Over such banishment no secrecy need be kept, except as to the locality. It would be a valuable experiment if a hundred or more of these malcontents were compelled to live in society among themselves, with trusty French *gendarmes* on guard.

The repressive measures of European Governments will certainly drive many of the Reds to seek admission to this country. If the statements of foreign authorities are to be relied on, there are many Anarchist societies all over Europe. Their members work at trades, many of them are highly skilled. Caserio himself was an industrious workman until he was chosen to kill Carnot. It will be difficult to keep out the Anarchists, to tell who they are, or to be sure just how many and how dangerous specimens of the kind we have already; and we cannot wait until the Red throws the bomb.

It will be necessary to compel the immigrant to prove affirmatively that he is not an Anarchist. This,

I believe, is to be done hereafter. Then, in dealing with Anarchism that is here: there should be no hesitation whatever in deporting such loud-mouthed workers as Mowbray. It should be lawful for police authorities in the larger cities to keep all dangerous and chronic criminals, including Anarchists, moving back and forth from the workhouse until they give satisfactory proof that they are no longer dangerous.

UNLESS China and Japan quit lying about their victories over each other, and about their wonderful escapes from the bottom of the sea, I will be obliged to shut down on both of them in these columns.

In the absence of reliable news it is probable that Japan spent most of last week looking for China's fleet. The Japanese fleet was cruising in the Gulf of Pechili, but the Chinese *Chen Yuen* means "out of sight," and the rest of the Chinese navy was the same.

ONE rumor that is probably true reached the London *Times*, to the effect that any man-of-war crossing the bar at Taku without giving previous notice will be fired upon by the forts, no matter what flag it flies. Taku is the sea-gate of Peking, and it is evident that China is thrown upon the defensive by her more progressive, active and watchful enemy.

THE Southern Chinese Squadron will hardly leave the lower coast unprotected and, in this season of great storms, come up through the Eastern Sea to the rescue if Japan lands troops in Korea; and Japan will have that country all to herself. In a week's time Japan can transport an army from home and mass it wherever she pleases on the peninsula. The Chinese, on the other hand, are deprived of the sea route, and will be obliged to march troops overland more than a thousand miles, over mountains and rivers. It is a long and difficult journey, and the wearied soldiers may expect at its end to find themselves face to face with their enemy in full possession of the country. Japan, according to this, is likely to have a walk-over in Korea, unless the Chinese fleet can force a passage to the Yellow Sea and open the way from Tien Tsin to the coast of Korea.

THE Constitutional Convention of the State of New York has voted against woman's suffrage 97 to 58. The grave and reverend Delegates held to the belief that the suffrage would not be well for woman, and would be detrimental to the State. Thus New York goes on record to the effect that women must continue to do their voting by influencing their male acquaintances—their friends, relatives, sweethearts and husbands. If I was a woman-suffragist woman I would in future make a specialty of political economy and bring all the male intellects within reach to see the justice of woman suffrage first, and of other political contentions afterward. For until woman can vote and hold office, it is useless, apparently, to attempt any other governmental reforms. The Constitutional Convention might have adopted my suggestion to submit the question to the women themselves, not as a finality, but to let the Delegates see how the other sex felt about it. Such a vote would have been, as an eye-opener, much more valuable than all the heated discussion at Albany.

WELLMAN, the Arctic explorer, was reported lost a few weeks since; but his wife announced that when her husband left home he cautioned her not to believe all she heard of that kind, for a great many such rumors would be published. This naive announcement gave us all a hope that has since been confirmed. Wellman is safe. A dispatch from Tromsø, Norway, last week, stated that he and his party had arrived there.

THERE are several other Arctic expeditions up that way this summer, and if the Pole is not found it will be a very cold day indeed. The Wellman expedition is the most shrewdly advertised by means of rumors and such. The Wellman book ought to sell. Advertising pays, and the North Pole ought to find what it wants; but the Wellman expedition cannot afford to stay around Norway. The school children must have a few more pages of geography to study in the new editions, about that interesting part of the globe where they have no tariff, no products, no capitals, no seaports, no exploring expeditions. The information may be worth the lives it has cost—but I have never thought so.

THE industrial situation in England is better than it has been in many years. The *Pall Mall Gazette* announces that English manufacturers are much pleased at the passage of the Senate Bill, though they would have been better pleased with a measure less protective. This country has done two things lately that have gratified our cousins—the demonetization of silver and the overthrow of high protection, though the latter is not yet consummated as these lines are written. It is well to be thus pleasing in the eyes of our former masters who reluctantly let us go—and if we can stand it, England can.

THE Pullman Company denies that wholesale evictions are going on in that community. But, of course, the former employees cannot live in Pullman houses unless they have a chance to earn something. As the

men are in debt for rent, and the Company cannot pay them wages enough to live on, there is little prospect of adjusting matters. The State of Illinois has proceeded against the Company for exceeding the privileges of its charter. Mr. Pullman answers that he has been doing what is now brought against him for several years, and nobody said anything about it, and that all the State can do anyhow is to compel him to stop it. It is complained by the State that the Pullman Company went into the business of renting real estate in Chicago for which it had no charter. Taking it in all its bearings, the Pullman case is a hopeless tangle. I give it up. It will be a lucky circumstance if Governor Altgeld and Attorney-General Moloney do not do something foolish in the latest move to "bring Pullman to time." With all his faults, the Governor is a brainy, sagacious lawyer. And as he is an experienced real estate man, with large interests of his own in Chicago, he ought to be able to prevent any further blundering in the town of Pullman. It would be fortunate if the Governor and Pullman and Mayor Hopkins could get together and talk the whole affair over, and get the old employees back to work and prosperity once more.

THE President's Commission, signed July 26, provided for an investigation of the trouble between the Illinois Central and Rock Island Railroads and their employees; but Carroll D. Wright announces that the Commissioners are likely to get to the bottom of the whole July trouble before they finish their work.

THERE is much useless and empty talk about the impossibility of the Commissioners doing anything to prevent strikes in the future and otherwise bring organized capital and organized labor nearer to each other. On the contrary, this is by far the most important Commission that has ever met in Chicago. This is a go-ahead age. Men like Carroll D. Wright and his two distinguished associates cannot fail to extract from this investigation a report that will be momentous in its application to the every-day life of the people. But the inquiry should—and no doubt will—cover the whole field of industrial conditions. The talk we are accustomed to hear about wage-slaves and socialistic labor unions is all the result of mutual ignorance of one another on the part of the different classes of our community. What this Commission can do—and it will be enough—is to dispel this ignorance.

We ought to say all we can that is good of our friends while they are living, for when death comes to wipe out all scores these kindly, sympathetic, affectionate words seem superfluous. We all forget the faults of the dead, in any case, and memory clings only to their merits and their lovable traits. I knew a man who died in the prime of life, and it really did seem that he died all too soon. His hosts of friends, as they think of him, and feel the vacant place that he once occupied, are impressed with the conviction that it is the men who make life enjoyable that are snatched from our midst, just as we begin to feel that there is a great deal more happiness for them to disseminate. I am sure that this friend's place will be hard to fill. I am thinking and trying to say something of the late Elliott Roosevelt.

HE was laid to rest August 17; the services were held in the Church of the Holy Communion. He was in his thirty-sixth year. The three last years of his life were lived in retirement. In 1893 his life was saddened by the death of his wife and child. Two children survive. I knew Elliott Roosevelt as a loyal friend and thorough gentleman sportsman. He was good-hearted to a fault. He was ever ready to seek out and help the needy. The Children's Home in Twenty-third Street, will long remember his practical and substantial interest in its welfare. He was chivalrous and unostentatious. It was no uncommon sight to see him assisting some feeble old lady to carry her parcels in the street.

HAD the final summons come to him three years ago, there is no one whose loss would have been more regretted. As it is, his friends will find his place hard to fill. He was clever, bright, true-blue. Somewhere in the Beyond there must be some place where Elliott Roosevelt will find the congenial company of those spirits who delighted in doing good to others.

CHARLES WILFRED MOWBRAY, the English Red, finds the Anarchist business dull in this country and wants to go home. He is trying to raise money to pay his passage back. When he came here he was penniless. He expects to raise money enough at Sunday meetings he intends to address in this city and in Boston. Before his departure Charles Wilfred ought to enjoy the hospitalities of Blackwell's Island prison. He has already said enough to entitle him to that little attention before he goes away angry. Emma Goldman was released the other day, and Herr Johann Most ate Blackwell's bread once upon a time. It did not hurt them—and I cannot say it straightened out any of their intellectual kinks. But it might help Mr. Mowbray.

WHY do the great dailies give more or less disreputable stage people thousands of dollars' worth of advertising for nothing by publishing stories of their escapades.



while they charge honest workmen fifty cents for a small "situation wanted" advertisement? Why does the press allow the stage to work the reporters?

AFTER passing the Gorman Senate Bill by a decisive majority, the House of Representatives sent the Senate four bills for free coal, free iron ore, free sugar and free barbed wire. The Senators quietly took the little waifs and laid them away in a committee. There they will remain, not so much as challenges to the Senate as nice little souvenirs of what the House would do if the Senate would let it. The New York Herald calls them a supplemental tariff measure.

MANY seem to think we should send a strong fleet to China. But, in the first place, we have not a strong fleet all counted. And if we had, there is no need of it in Chinese waters, and it would not be safe in Japanese waters. Japan means fight. We are not warlike.

NEW CANAAN, Conn., has revived the blue laws, and the Canaanites as well as their visitors must buy Sunday beef and Sunday newspapers on Saturday night. It is rough on the Sunday newspapers. The beef will keep.

WHISKY enough was taken out of bond last week, in anticipation of the Senate Bill becoming law, to keep two or three Senates in cold tea for several weeks.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND went to Buzzard's Bay last week to escape an attack of malaria. At the railroad station in Jersey City he took an escort of policemen. He fears cranks. It was thought by many who saw him that the President was a very sick man. Without distinction of party, all good citizens will join in the hope that the present trip may be beneficial.

If Mr. Astor will come home, and leave the *Fall Mall Gazette* where it is, all will be forgiven.

WHISKY has gone up three cents a gallon, but bromo seltzer stands at the old figure.

As General Coxey is running for Congress, he will neither walk to Washington next time, nor go a-horse-back.

POPULIST GOVERNOR WAITE, of Colorado, is opposed to fusion with the Democrats, and the State will probably remain Populist without a divide-up of the offices.

HON. LEVI P. MORTON, ex-President of the United States, is spoken of as Republican candidate for Governor of this State, and it will be necessary for the Democrats to nominate their strongest man to beat him. There is some talk of Hon. William C. Whitney. That would be a battle royal, truly.

A VERY remarkable incident is reported from Asbury Park, N. J. The colored voters of the State have resolved in convention there to form an organization to act in harmony with the Republican party.

THE Bliss-Brookfield Republican organization in this city have closed the enrolling books of the County Committee, and all Milhollandites who are not in now must stay out. There is plenty of room outside, for this is a big town. The Tiger smiles.

BEFORE this issue of ONCE A WEEK reaches the reader the new tariff will have become a law or will be vetoed by President Cleveland. It is generally believed at the present writing that the President will sign the bill and then denounce in his message of transmission those parts of the bill to which he objects.

THE bill makes sweeping reductions of the tariff in the case of many of the leading American manufactured commodities, besides increasing the free list; but, as a whole, it is far from being a radical change from present fiscal conditions. If the revenue is not increased by the low duties it will be because, under the new tariff, competition by foreign manufacturers will not seriously interfere with our home industries. If the revenue is not sufficient at once, a few million low-interest bonds will be issued. It is pretty generally admitted that this will have to be done.

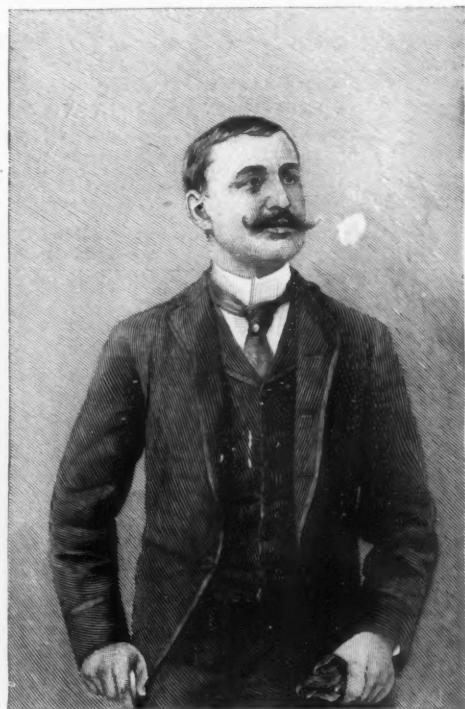
THE income tax is still receiving the fierce denunciation of the New York Sun and other leading newspapers in the larger cities, but the Democratic members of Congress are in favor of it, and the rank and file of Democratic voters throughout the country, even in the East, are probably in favor of the measure by a large majority.

THERE is some misunderstanding about the income tax. If the Senate Bill is signed by the President, all annual incomes over four thousand will be taxed two per cent upon the excess over four thousand. If a man has an income of five thousand, he pays two per cent upon one thousand, or twenty dollars per annum income tax. This part of the new legislation is to be in force for five years, from the 31st of December, 1894, to the 31st of December, 1899.

YOUR income for the present year will not be involved, no matter how great it may be. And it is possible that before the time comes for the collection of the income tax for 1895, a great many incomes that would come under the tax now, will not be liable then. The custom of claiming a hundred dollars weekly income, on an actual weekly income of seventy-five, will now be reversed. The hundred dollars of reality and fact will become the seventy-five of the artful dodger.

IT is barely possible that the law may be repealed by the new Congress to be elected in November, but it is not likely. The people who have not four thousand a year are in a large majority. It may or may not be discreditable to human nature that when the less fortunate get hold of the rich in this way, they rarely let go. And it may be that the rich themselves will feel it an honor to pay this special tax.

MR. EDWARD WASSERMAN is one of the gentlemen who organized the Monmouth County (N. J.) Open Air Horse Show. He is president of the Executive Board, the other members being Joseph E. Widener, Walter E. Hildreth, P. J. Casey, James Sykes and John S.



EDWARD WASSERMAN.

Hoey. These gentlemen were simply dumfounded at the success of the exhibition, a success due largely to the energy and good management of Mr. Wasserman. He is son-in-law of the late Jesse Seligman. He is in the prime of life, a thorough gentleman sportsman, and very much respected and popular among his acquaintances.

THE coal of the extreme Northwest will be tested in future by the vessels belonging to the Behring Sea fleet instead of by the *Monterey*. When the sealing squadron come back they will stop at ports in the State of Washington to secure a supply of coal that can be found there. The *Monterey* was testing Astoria coal until it was found that it was injuring her boilers. It was feared that a further test of coal would permanently disable the monitor.

LAST week astronomers observed spots in the sun large enough to hold several hundred planets like ours. One of the most remarkable changes was first noticed at 6 P.M., August 15, and 9 A.M. the next day. On the first day two large black centres were solid, and one of them was flanked on one side by a dozen or more smaller black spots. These showed the greatest activity, and had exactly the appearance of a number of masses of cold metal thrown into a ladle of white hot iron, causing the molten metal to splash over the rim.

BEFORE next morning, August 16, this group of small spots had coalesced. Across one of the two large spots several bridges had formed, and the large spots had split into several sections. This group is about eighty thousand miles long. It has no unusually large spots. But there is an unusually large number of smaller ones, and their activity is much greater than has been observed before.

GERMAN manufacturers and exporters are elated over the passage of the Gorman Bill. An increase of business with this country is expected in everything except raw sugar. The *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, a free trade journal, thinks very little of the new bill and does not think it will greatly benefit Germany's trade with the United States. The *Koelnische Zeitung* looks upon the

Gorman Bill as merely provisional, and is quite convinced that a really radical measure of revision lies beyond.

#### OBITUARY.

ALL the readers of ONCE A WEEK will no doubt join their sympathies to those of the many friends of its esteemed editor, Mr. Thomas B. Connery, on learning of the great bereavement which he has sustained during the past week, in the death of a beloved wife. Mrs. Connery's health had been rapidly failing for some months past, and neither the skill of the best physicians nor the efforts of a devoted husband and children had power to stay the progress of the fatal disease from which she suffered. Mrs. Connery was but fifty-three years of age, and in the ordinary course of events should have enjoyed many more years of life. Her death has plunged the surviving members of her family, consisting of her husband, five daughters and two sons, into the deepest affliction. In a wider circle, outside her home, she will also be greatly missed, for she was not only an exemplary wife and mother, but a sincere and charitable Christian, ever ready to extend a helping hand to the poor and unfortunate. May it be granted to her sorrowing relatives to realize that the one they so tenderly mourn is but translated to a happier sphere, where she will lovingly await final reunion with them.

#### SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY.

OF

### ONCE A WEEK

#### Forthcoming Novels:

A GLANCE at the following list of new novels, which will be published consecutively in the Semi-Monthly Library of ONCE A WEEK, will suffice to inform readers of the remarkable advantages to be gained by becoming subscribers to the Library. Every book on this list is a first-class novel, the names of the authors being in most cases a sufficient guarantee for the quality of work to be expected. Under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to secure any of these books, on the first day of their appearance, for less than one dollar. By subscribing to ONCE A WEEK Library, the novels are secured and received immediately upon publication for the nominal cost of about six cents each. When the high price of the copyright of any one of these novels is taken into consideration (about \$5,000 each), it will be seen that the rates at which they are offered to subscribers are phenomenally low.

#### THE GAME OF LIFE,

BY DARLEY DALE.

#### A RISING STAR,

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

#### MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

#### UNDER SEALED ORDERS,

BY GRANT ALLEN.

#### PEOPLE OF THE MIST,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

#### TWO NEW NOVELS,

BY WALTER BESANT.

#### THE HEART OF THE WORLD,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

#### THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

#### THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD STRASSE,

BY E. JUNKER.

#### THE WAY OF THE TRANS- GRESSOR,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

#### MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING,

BY W. HEIMBURG.

#### THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS,

BY PATROCINIO DE BIEDMA.

#### GLORIA VICTIS,

BY OSSIP SCHUBIN.

#### A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES,

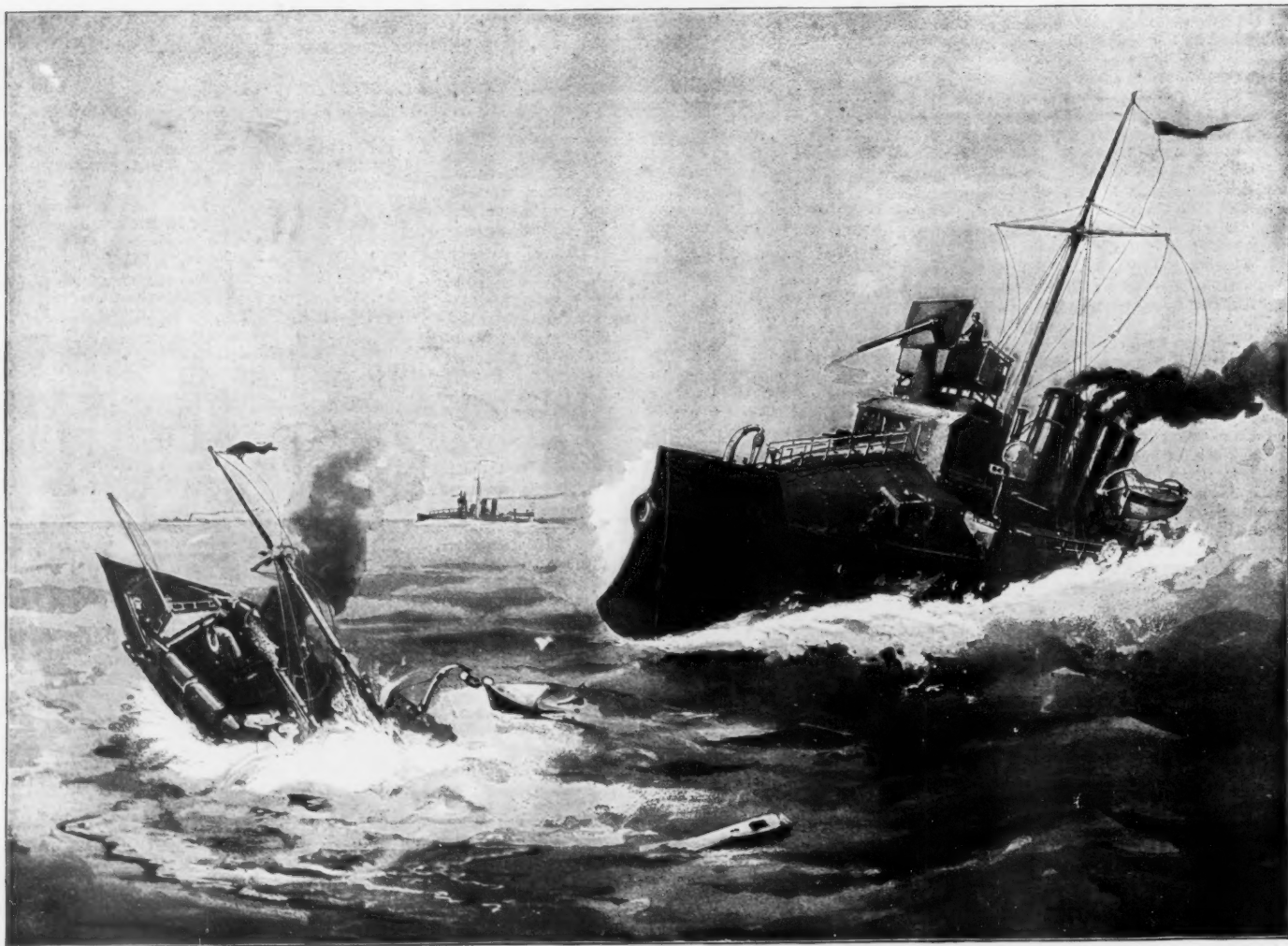
BY JEAN DE LA BRETTE.

#### FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW,

BY MAURICE JOKAL.



SOME OF OUR LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS.—(See page 11.)



THE DESTROYER DESTROYED.—THE NEW TORPEDO CATCHER "HORNET" IN ACTION.—(See page 15.)





POLAND SPRING HOUSE

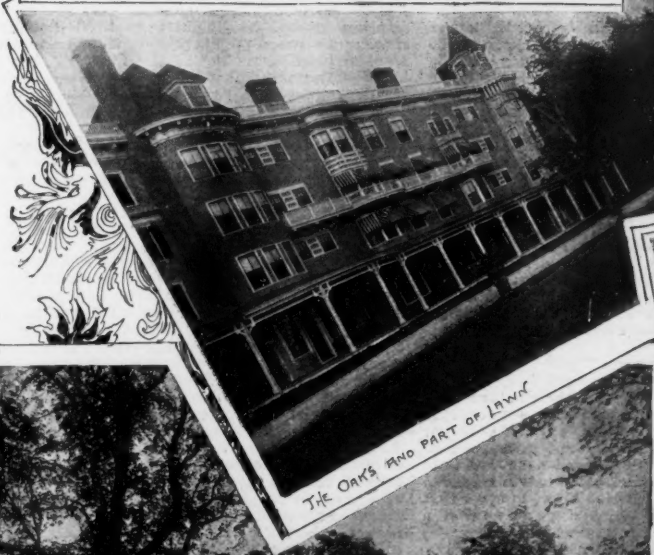


GROUP OF SHAKER WOMEN AND CHILDREN



LOWER RANGE LAKE

GROVE & ROCKERY  
POLAND SPRING H.



THE OAKS AND PART OF LAWN



MANSION HOUSE



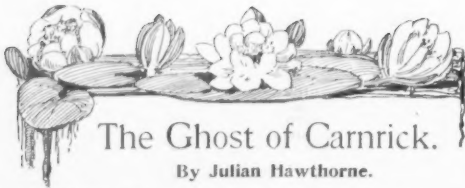
SPRING AND BOTTLING HOUSES



SHAKER MAIDENS

AMONG THE SHAKERS AT POLAND SPRING.

(See page 7.)



## The Ghost of Carnrick.

By Julian Hawthorne.

**T**HE Carnrick estate was famous sixty years ago, in the dark ages, before the slaves were free, when everybody was rich, and had a good time; before the ticks invaded the Island. There were upward of two thousand acres of sugar, and I know not how many head of cattle. The family were of Scotch origin, but had been settled here since the earliest times, and were thorough old West Indians, of the right, claret-drinking, Tom Cringle sort.

The splendid mansion in which they lived and held their state and dispensed their hospitality has been uninhabited for more than a generation, and is now rusty and rotten with age. The family fell off greatly in fortune, and dwindled in numbers until, about 1870, Neil Carnrick was the sole survivor. At his death, about twenty years ago, the remnant of the estate and of the sugar-mill (whose ruins resemble such piles of masonry as the ancient Romans used to build, except that trees grow tall in the deserted enclosures, and huge ants' nests perch high upon the broken gables, the like whereof Italy never saw)—this remnant, I say, together with the grand old house itself, passed, curiously enough, into the possession of the Joliet. Why "curiously" you will understand when you have read this story.

I have rambled all over the house and the sugar-mill, and have sat in the haunted room, through the windows of which is a delicious view of tropic seacoast, with serried ranks of cocoa-palms bending above the surf, and two or three little islets lying off shore, fit for fairy lovers to dwell in; and there I listened to the tale of the ghost, and was, moreover, allowed to see and touch the renowned Carnrick ring—or, at least, the stone that used to be in the original ring, the old setting being no more. It may interest you to know that this ring is said to have been brought back from the East by a legendary Crusading ancestor of the Carnricks, who got it from some enchanter or other out there; and that there is engraved upon it, in some Oriental character, a legend to this effect: "The Kiss of a Spirit is Death." I don't know who guarantees this translation; but it fits well enough with the story, in which the ring plays a part. I suppose the ring belongs to the historical period marked by Aladdin's Lamp, and had a jinn connected with it, who was very useful until you happened to make some technical mistake, and then he killed you. The stone is half an inch in length, dark brownish red in hue, and semi-transparent; I have seen tourmalines of much the same color and aspect. But none that I ever saw had the strange and graceful marks that are engraved upon the surface of this historic jewel. Mr. Joliet, quite a prosaic old gentleman, wears it on his watch-chain. I wonder what he would do were the jinn suddenly to appear and—but let us get to the story!

When Neil Carnrick came to his majority, about the time of our Civil War, he was living in the small house fifteen miles to the westward, along the coast road; but it was a favorite habit of the young folks of the neighborhood to make up a party to ride to Carnrick Hall of an afternoon, hold a picnic supper there, on the broad stone terrace overlooking the sea, and go home by moonlight. No doubt a great many ghost stories were told, and not a few love stories begun, on such occasions.

Neil had straight, dry black hair, and a handsome but gaunt countenance, with a square chin, thin, sharply defined black eyebrows, and singular eyes, which he usually kept half shut. When he opened them, however, "they made up for lost time," as my informant expressed it. He was a man of intellectual ability, and I was both liked and looked up to by his male companions, on account of his superiority in this respect, and a certain sardonic humor he had; and he was a favorite with women, perhaps for the same reasons—though this is only conjecture. But that he had power over both men and women there is no reason to doubt.

The Joliet lived about five miles on the other side of the Hall; and there was an Inez Joliet, at this period, who was very beautiful. She bore her mother's name, the latter being a Spaniard. Reasons connected with property made it expedient that Neil and Inez should marry; but it was not known, up to the time when this story begins, whether there was any understanding between them on the subject. Perhaps the consummation was delayed by the fact that there were no obstacles in the way.

An expedition to the Hall was arranged on All-Hallow-E'en; there was a full moon on that night. There were seven in the party; Neil and Inez were of course among them, and so was my prosaic Mr. Joliet, then a lad of fourteen. He was Inez's cousin.

After supper, the talk naturally turned on the traditional superstitions of the day, and Neil, after telling two or three startling stories, all of them having reference to the experiences with hobgoblins and elves of more or less remote ancestors of his, went on to affirm, in a low and impressive tone, that he possessed the power, in virtue of the Carnrick ring then on his finger, of rendering spirits visible; and he offered to prove his assertion should the company so desire. On their accepting the proposal, he qualified it by remarking that he could introduce the spectres to only one person among them; but they might select that person themselves. The lot was accordingly cast, and fell upon Inez.

Hereupon, Neil directed the others to sit in a semi-circle behind him, and he placed Inez in front of him; they were all squatting on the mossy flags of the great stone terrace, like so many dervishes. Neil enjoined absolute silence upon all. As they sat there, subdued by the influence of the hour, and of the tales he had been telling them, and of the associations of the night—and also, no doubt, of his own strong personality—the moon shone on all their faces except that of Inez, which was in shadow. Neil kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon her; and at last, after several minutes, he slowly

held up the ring. It sparkled in the moonbeam like a point of fire.

"Inez," said he, solemnly, "look upon this ring."

Another silence followed. One or two of the young ladies, though merely acting as spectators, began to feel as if they were about to see hobgoblins themselves. Everybody felt more or less nervous, with the exceptions of Neil, who sat still and impassive as a rock, holding up the ring, and Inez, whose face could not be discerned, but who was also motionless, and apparently composed. Yet she was, ordinarily, the most sensitive and easily impressed person there, and had not accepted the role assigned her without much reluctance.

At last, when the tension had become acute, Neil quietly said: "Now, you see; tell us what you see!"

He lowered the ring as he uttered these words, and, after a moment, repeated the command in a louder tone—

"Speak!"

Inez began to speak in a voice scarcely audible, but which gradually became more distinct. It was, however, quite unlike her ordinary voice, inasmuch that, as was remarked afterward, it would hardly have been recognized as hers had it not been seen, as it were, to issue from her lips. She expressed herself (according to my informant) somewhat as follows:

"I see a girl with long black hair. There is a great brazen pot on the floor beside her. There is something in it—I cannot see what. The girl is walking round and round the pot, and once in a while she tosses something into it. Now she is throwing back her hair over her shoulders, and smiling; now, she has knelt down beside the pot, and is looking into it. Something is coming up out of it. It seems to be smoke—no, it is not smoke. It is—it is becoming—" Her voice died away.

A Miss Lismore, a very pretty and lively girl, here began to gurgle and shiver, as if she were going off in a fit of some kind; but Neil turned upon her with a look that arrested the progress of the malady, and then said imperiously to Inez: "Go on!"

"There is a man with the girl," Inez continued. "He has taken her hands in his—he has kissed her. There is something on the floor between them; it is a snake—no! it is a cord—a silken cord. He has picked it up and is playing with it. He has thrown his arms round her waist—he has kissed her again, but he is slipping the cord round her—she does not know it—she is smiling at him—now he steps back from her—Ah! it is a snake, it is a snake! See how it coils and lifts its head against her! There! it has struck her over the heart; she is dying; she stretches out her arms to him to help her—but he is vanishing away—why, he is becoming like—"

What it was that the male spirit was turning into cannot be known; since, at this juncture, Miss Lismore lost her self-control with a loud scream, and the circle was broken up. ("I fancy they were all glad of it, too," observed prosaic Mr. Joliet, rubbing his eyeglasses thoughtfully and gazing out to sea. "The thing was getting to be a good bit beyond a joke, don't you know!")

The condition of Miss Lismore excited so much interest, especially among the men of the party, that Inez was for the moment lost sight of; and no one but that young lad, her cousin, saw Neil Carnrick lift her to her feet—she looked very strange—and assist her into the house. The young cousin felt no particular solicitude for Miss Lismore, but a good deal for Inez; and he went round outside the house and looked in (himself unseen) through the window of the room into which Neil took her.

They stood facing each other, a ray of moonlight falling between them. The eyes of Inez were closed.

"Inez," said Neil, speaking slowly and with much emphasis, "listen to what I say, and keep it in your memory forever, whatever may happen, wherever you may be."

"Yes," replied Inez, in a heavy voice.

"I make a tryst with you," continued Neil. "Meet me here, in this room, on this night, at this hour, five years hence. Listen and remember! On All-Hallow-E'en, at nine o'clock, five years hence, do you meet me here in this room, come what may. Have you understood?"

"Yes," said Inez; "I will come!"

Neil, after a moment, bent toward her, and her cousin, with his eyes and ears double their natural size, thought he was going to kiss her. But he seemed only to breathe on her eyelids; upon which she opened her eyes, and looked at him with evident astonishment. They exchanged a few words, but the listener could not catch what they were; then, as they turned to leave the room, the youth darted back to the others, in order that Neil might not remark his absence; for he held Neil in some awe, without knowing why. And the occurrences of the night had by no means lightened this emotion.

Miss Lismore had by that time recovered from her nervous seizure, and declared with vivacity that she had seen the phantoms herself, and that she would never have anything to do with Mr. Carnrick again. Neil appeared much amused, in his quietly sardonic way; but Inez, from whom they all tried to get some information as to whether she had really seen what she had described, and whether she were not frightened, and what had finally become of the spirits—Inez was very grave, and made but the most unsatisfactory response to their curiosity. No one but her cousin noticed that she was wearing the Carnrick ring on her finger; and he inferred with secret anguish (for of course he was desperately in love with her, as all boys of fourteen are in love with their pretty cousins) that probably Neil had kissed her after all.

Had he been less young, less bashful in the presence of his beloved, or less in love with her, he would have cross-questioned her, upon opportunity, about the whole affair; but since he was all these uncomfortable things, he kept silence, and Inez did the same. Moreover, the following week he was sent off to England to school, and never saw Inez again; for when he returned, two years after, she was dead—of fever, they told him; though there was always some mystery about the cause and manner of her death. As young Joliet got older, he was able to surmise more on this subject than he could at the time; but he saw that Carnrick was wearing his ring once more; and no one seemed to be aware that there had ever been any betrothal between Inez and him. Quite likely there had not.

Young Joliet always bore a grudge against Neil, however, without being able to give any good reason for it; and he avoided him all he could. Neil was then the only living representative of his race, and some people said he was suffering from poverty; but if he were, he showed no signs of it, unless keeping himself rather more secluded than usual were one. As time went on, it began to be rumored—an unofficial rumor—that he was paying a good deal of attention to that pretty Miss Lismore, who, in spite of her prettiness, and many consequent suitors, was still unmarried; and young Joliet cynically noted that Miss Lismore was rich. The Lismore parents heard of it at last, and were not at all pleased, and were said to have forbidden their daughter to have anything to do with Neil. She professed to obey them; but it was afterward revealed that she deceived them, and, once at least, met him secretly.

What happened on that occasion transpired through the medium of a certain shiftless negro by the name of Lucullus, perhaps bestowed upon him because he never in his life was known to have sat down to a good square meal. The reputation of Lucullus for veracity was not unimpeachable. So, although his story was quite circumstantial, it may be received with as much reservation as you choose. For my own part, having in view some antecedent events herein described, I am bound to say that I believe Lucullus, and thank him withal for enabling me to make this important addition to the interesting facts collected by the S. P. R.

Lucullus, then, as soon as he had recovered what he was accustomed to regard as his right senses, affirmed that on the night of the 31st of October of the year in question, he had taken up his quarters in an upper room of the deserted mansion known as Carnrick Hall. It was not the first time he had sought refuge here; in fact, for several months past he had been in the habit of doing so; for the old house was never visited, and offered commodious shelter. He had made himself a mattress of guinea-grass, and in other ways adorned and furnished his bachelor apartments; and felt quite like an old proprietor as he lay down and smoked his pipe on this fatal night. Judging by the moon, it may have been eight o'clock or thereabouts when he turned over on his guinea-grass to go to sleep. By the same time-keeper, it could not have been more than forty or fifty minutes before he was awakened by the sound of footsteps in the room below.

Now, the silent tooth of time had favored Lucullus and his story by gnawing a hole in the floor of his chamber, so that, through an aperture at least as large as his head, he was able to spy upon his unexpected visitor. He recognized him at once; it was Mr. Neil Carnrick, the owner of the ruin. He was in riding costume, and seemed anxious and impatient; he paced up and down the room, and more than once took out his watch and glanced at it. In this manner, ten minutes passed away. What was he there for? On this point Lucullus was unable to afford the least enlightenment, though he tortured his woolly brain sorely for an explanation. Our superior sources of information serve to supplement this gap in the thread of the narrative. He had come to meet pretty Miss Lismore; and it had, probably, been his intention on this night to secure her consent to marry him. Lucullus, acutely observant, as it was but natural he should be, noticed that Mr. Carnrick, as he paced up and down, turned and twisted a ring on his finger. It was the Carnrick ring, and he had doubtless brought it hither with the purpose of binding the engagement between him and Miss Lismore.

At nine o'clock, he went to the window of the room, and looked out, in hopes of seeing or hearing the approach of his mistress. The next moment, the silence was broken by a whine of ecstatic terror, emitted by none other than Lucullus himself. Neil turned sharply; but he never knew where the noise came from, for all his senses were instantly concentrated upon the object which had drawn forth the cry. This was the figure of a young woman in a white gown, with long black hair, which fell about her shoulders, and a pale strange expression of countenance, as of one who had just been aroused from profound sleep. But Lucullus knew these features well; he had once been a hand on the Joliet estate, and had often seen Miss Inez. He knew, too, that she had been three years in her grave; nevertheless, this was she.

As Neil caught sight of her, he let his riding-crop fall to the floor, against which his ivory handle struck sharply. His black eyes distended themselves widely, and his narrow lips parted; fear had him by the marrow. Yet, in a breath or two, with an immense effort, he recovered his self-command, and stepped deliberately toward the phantom. A phantom, I call her; but, according to Lucullus, she had none of the traditional marks of spirituality; she was seeming-solid as Carnrick himself. She lifted her hands, as the latter drew near, and tossed back the long masses of her hair, and smiled.

"Inez," said Neil, in a guttural tone, "what is this?"

"You bade me meet you here," she answered. "I have remembered the five years have gone. It was a long while, Neil; but I am here."

Neil's advance had been arrested by her first word; she now herself approached him. The watcher from above saw the man shake from head to foot as with a violent ague; but he seemed powerless to retreat. Inez came nearer; she was still smiling—a smile that chilled the blood of Lucullus in his veins. She put forth a hand, and grasped that of Neil—the one which wore the ring; her other arm she cast about his neck. It seemed to Lucullus that their lips met; but he declares that Carnrick was already dead before the contact took place. The next instant, he had fallen forward on his face; and a light vapor, which hovered over him for an instant, was slowly dissipated, and vanished. Nor was the figure of Inez any longer to be seen. The "Kiss of a Spirit is Death!"

A few minutes later, Miss Lismore, who had been delayed on her journey, rode up to the terrace, dismounted, and appeared at the door of the room. She was barely quarter of an hour late; but her rival had been on time, though coming, according to our ideas, from a greater distance. Poor old Lucullus came shivering down the stairs, with her scream ringing in his dazed ears. They found no signs of life in Neil Carnrick; he never breathed again. But an examination of his body revealed an inexplicable and ghastly fact. The little finger of his left hand was charred to a cinder, as



if it had been held in superheated flame; it crumbled away into ashes as they lifted the hand. A little lump of melted gold lay upon the floor, and close beside it the magic stone of the Orient, which fire could not affect. And now, here was that very stone, dangling harmlessly from the portly waistcoat of my prosaic friend, Mr. Joliet.

"It's an odd story, isn't it?" quoth he. "It is a warning to any man not to make an appointment with two girls at the same place and time. There's sure to be trouble."



## POLAND SPRING.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.



"The beauty which old Greece or Rome  
Sang, painted, wrought, lies close at home;  
We need but eye and ear  
In all our daily walks to trace  
The outlines of incarnate grace,  
The hymns of gods to hear!"

MORE than half a century ago, in a Maine forest, a man labored with ax and sickle to reclaim a tract of land from the thickly-growing trees and tangling underbrush. Had he been geologically wise little hope would he have brought to his task, for it would have been apparent to him that the land, when ready for the plow and seed, would be a territory but poorly fitted to meet large demands or high expectations of the toiler. Had he been aware that the elevated, forest-beshrouded spot on which he labored would become a land of Beulah for artist, a great natural picture gallery for the beauty-loving soul of man, a Mecca for those who among its enchantments would woo back their souls from the realms of sickness which devastate the body, the care which corrodes the spirit, and the anxiety which walketh like a pestilence at noon-day, but would never in response to the farmer's care blossom with bounty, or glow with plenty, his task, if ever begun, would have been abandoned. But no hint of the future of the spot was vouchsafed to him. The rocks, of which there were so many, revealed to him no word of their story. Later generations learned that the hill over which the forest with which he labored grew, was formed principally of a porphyry-beseamed gneiss, the oldest of the sedimentary rocks, and argued by inference that as porphyry is the intrusive rock of the old redstone era, that this section of Maine received its chief topographical formations during that early period, and assumed that as porphyritic veins occur no later in the rock-forming ages than that of the red sandstone, that the land on which this forest-hewer worked received its final features at that remote time.

The trees were not rapidly thinned before the ax of the woodman, for a wasting disease had stolen his strength and weakened his arm. He was often obliged to rest, and at such times he stole away to allay his thirst and delight his eyes with a near spring; a flashing, silver thing, which a poet would have instantly declared was the home of some water nymph; a sporting water-spray which sprang up so gracefully and gleefully from a fissure in the rocks that it seemed a sentient thing, the embodiment of joyous laughter. The sick man slaked his thirst with it, bathed his blistered hands in its coolness, and played with it as a father plays with his child, never once dreaming that when the story of its source should be told it would be known that its waters had wandered away up through strata after strata of the era-marking rocks, thus losing all organic matter, and gaining those medicinal qualities which, like the leaves of the tree of life, were for the healing of the nations.

Day after day the man drank of the ever-renewed water, and day after day the hours of work grew longer, and the powers of endurance more efficacious, for the disease was routed, and health restored, though he suspected not that it was his sparkling playfellow which had provided his healing physician.

The years went on, and in the partially cleared space the spring laughed, and bubbled, and sparkled, with its unremarked beauty and its unregarded powers. But nearly two decades after the cure of the man who recognized not the source of his benefits, his son, also ill, became, while directing some workmen near it, a constant drinker at this spring; and, like his sire, was speedily and permanently cured. More observant than his father, he attributed his recovery to the action of the water upon his system, and urged his ailing friends and neighbors to try the draught which he believed had made him well. Doubtless his advice was looked upon somewhat as was that of Elisha to the captain of the Syrian hosts. So ridiculous a thing to hope for health from draughts of pure water! But with smiles of good-natured derision the experiment was again and again made, and Naaman was not more surprised at the result of his seven baths in the Jordan than these country folk at the outcome of their agreeable potations. Again and again the miracle was wrought, and the spring no longer remained a deserted dancer among the shadows, but a sought-for fountain of health to the local inhabitants of Poland and the adjoining towns.

The man whose hand had first regained its firmness through its efficacy was Wentworth Ricker, and the son whose quicker perception traced to its source the cause

of his healing, was Hiram Ricker, the founder of the present resort on Range Hill.

Those, however, were not the days of quickly developed plans or hurried action, and it was not till the year 1859 that Mr. Ricker called upon Dr. E. Clark, of Portland, and urged him to make a trial in his practice of the water in which he himself so strongly believed. The doctor consented to do so, and thus became the first physician to recommend the use of Poland water. The patient for whom it was prescribed was Hon. N. J. Miller, one of Maine's most prominent men. So beneficial did it prove, and so rapidly did its praises spread, that to-day there are in New York City alone no less than forty prominent physicians who recommend its use.

There is indisputable proof that the spring was a favorite rendezvous of the aboriginal tribes. Strange indeed would it have been if these children of Nature, conversant with all the curative agencies of the fields, forests, and streams, had remained ignorant of the vitalizing forces of this bubbling bit of water. The tools and weapons of different tribes, whose wigwams and hunting-grounds were widely separated, have been exhumed near the spring. The arrow of flint, the chisel of stone, the bone fish-hook, the quartz-pointed spear are among these trophies. Some of the discovered arrow-heads, spear-points and tomahawks, and tools for various uses, are made of a stone unknown to New England, proving that their fashioners must have come from far places to quaff this water of prowess and delight.

From authority gained by analytical tests chemists declare, and from a basis of belief less scientifically but as surely gained, thousands of drinkers aver that the Poland water shares its honors with none; that it is utterly different from the water of any other known spring. It is perfectly pure, with a silvery look, and no taste whatever. Neither chemists nor physicians can explain why it cures. That it does cure all of them are convinced. It guards its mystery well, and man, with all his searching and crucial tests, with all his glib and ready naming of its mineral constituents, has never wrested from it the secret of its power. From the finest bit of lace or the choicest piece of silk it washes every trace of defilement, leaving it as dainty as it was in its pristine state.

The severely plain little house which Mr. Ricker erected over the spring in 1862 has, by remodeling and additions, grown into one of the largest and best equipped bottling houses in the world.

The commodious Mansion House, which is an adjunct of the Poland Spring House, is the remodeled homestead of the Rickers which stood on the sterile, beautifully situated farm where the founder of the present resort and his three sons earned a not too prodigal livelihood. In this house many guests are entertained the year round.

The Poland Spring House is said to be, with one exception, the grandest and best equipped summer hotel in the United States. It is a veritable castle of liberty and expansion. From the moment one enters its roomy halls and wide passages, care falls from him like a loosened garment, and anxiety becomes a repudiated thing.

Everywhere are public and private parlors furnished as only prodigally spent gold and exquisite taste could have furnished them, and in the spacious halls are dome-shaped fireplaces warmly colored in terra-cotta, or shining in handsomely contrasted tiles, which, when the keen wind, blowing straight down from the "White Hills," or up from the near lakes, chills the air, glow and sparkle with the flames which riot over the resinous, forest-scented logs of the State of pine.

Everywhere electricity sends out its pure light, brilliantly illuminating the interior of the house, and casting Rembrandtesque shadows beneath the stately trees of the grounds.

The dining-room, about two hundred feet in length and of ample width, is, with its shining floor, gleaming white walls, and exquisite appointments, a royal banqueting hall.

From the windows and piazzas of this hilltop palace an entrancing view is to be obtained. Plainly in view, their caps sharply piercing the blue of the sky, stand the White Mountains. Below, in the near valley, lie the Range Lakes, a beautiful, shrubbery-encircled trio, over whose waters glides the handsome steam launch of the Rickers loaded with happy guests, and dotted with the tiny boats of dreaming lovers, and the unwieldy craft of alert fishermen. On the hills in another direction noble forest trees whisper together in the always floating breeze; among the valleys, hundreds of feet below, are the Maine homes with the hushed air of peace about them in which their owners so seldom find dullness, and afar off, when the atmosphere has that clearness which it often possesses here, one can see from the tower the faint silver sheen and shimmer of the Atlantic, and the lovely Forest City sitting at the entrance to the Portland Harbor.

All the world is here represented. The military Russian, the urbane Frenchman, the practical German, the Count of Italy, the heir of some noble house, sit on the wide piazzas conversing like brothers. America is not behindhand in her contributions. The South sends her languorous, handsome daughters and chivalrous sons. New York puts aside its commercial cares and learns fresh joys in this garden of the gods. Cultivated Ibsenistic Boston removes its spectacles, lets the abstruse volume lie idly on its lap, while it laughingly vies with its rival drinkers in disposing of the mysterious elixir of life. Dwellers in the City of the Golden Gate consider a sojourn here worth a trip across the continent, and those whose homes are on the prairies of the world's wheat fields seek this spot in rapturous recognition of the beauty and strength of the hills.

The whole atmosphere is surcharged with ozone. One realizes the force of Whittier's words—

"There's iron in our Northern winds,  
Our pines are trees of healing."

The famous Poland Spring equipages are in constant demand, for the drives about the springs are exceedingly beautiful. Miles upon miles of shady silence, bethrilled with the songs of birds, the thick trees meeting overhead, the damp, spreading ferns touching the carriage wheels as they pass; along the white sands of "Sabbath-Day Pond," on the shores of which used to gather

families from the block house or guarded log cabin, together with the keen-scented scouts, to pray for protection from their wily foes, and to take heart from each others' counsel and companionship. Out over the bold hills commanding views of wide stretches of tilled lands, with here and there a lone straight pine making a sharp silhouette against the sky.

A favorite halting-place is the near village of the New Gloucester Shakers—a benignant, serene-faced, cordial people, who regard utter chastity as the key to the kingdom of heaven, and marriage as a stupendous mistake, and who seem to the harassed and hurried worldlings who linger for a little within their gates as much a part of another world as their language, with its primitive "yea" and "nay," seems like an alien tongue.

In nothing is Poland Spring more fortunate than in the way of her approaches. From whatever point one comes he usually travels by some point of the Boston & Maine Railroad, whose engineers we suspect were men of poetic and appreciative hearts, for everywhere along the lines of this route one obtains whole vistas or suggestive snatches of shore, mountain and lake scenery which are ravishing and romantic in the extreme. At Danville Junction, twenty miles beyond Portland, the Poland Spring coaches wait for passengers, and one so enjoys his journey in these comfortable carriages that he is sorry when the five miles' drive to Range Hill is accomplished.

"Caesar was Rome, and Rome was Caesar." Thus are we taught. One might exclaim with equal truth that the Rickers are Poland Spring, and Poland Spring is the Rickers, for unto this place, for which Nature has exhausted her resources, and wealth has poured out its treasures as clouds pour out rain, its three proprietors have given a soul. Every inch of its broad domains is under their personal supervision, and each guest is an honored friend to whom the thoughtful attention of his hosts extend.

Maine has become a recognized Temple of Beauty, in which the summer seeker after that which shall please the eye and delight the heart has set up many gods; but within her sea-caressed borders, among her hills of grandeur, amid her tales of enchantment, man, however diligent, shall seek in vain for a spot where married Art and Nature have brought forth a fairer offspring than this place where the waters of the deepest earth give healing, and health and pleasure fold about one as surely and tenderly as the evening dusk enfolds the earth of his habitation.

## "ONCE A WEEK" Horoscope Coupon.

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Year. Month. Day of Month. Hour.

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### WHAT ONE SUBSCRIBER THINKS.

CHEER AND COMFORT SOCIETY, SHORT HILLS, N. J.

EDITOR "ONCE A WEEK":

MY DEAR SIR—Every week at the unfailing appearance of ONCE A WEEK I silently offer thanks to you for your great kindness. But I want you to receive the expression of my gratitude and appreciation. I send to quite a large number whose eyes are too dim from long illness to find comfort in following ordinary print; to them your clear type is a God-send, and the character of your library is excellent. I bless the quality of paper used in these books, so much in advance of other publications of like make-up. Most respectfully yours,

EMILY CAMPBELL, Secretary.

"Do you believe in the Transmigration of Souls?" asked Mizer.  
"Yes; don't you?" said Hicks.  
"Sometimes. What do you suppose I was before I became a man?"  
"Oh, I don't know. A sponge, I guess."

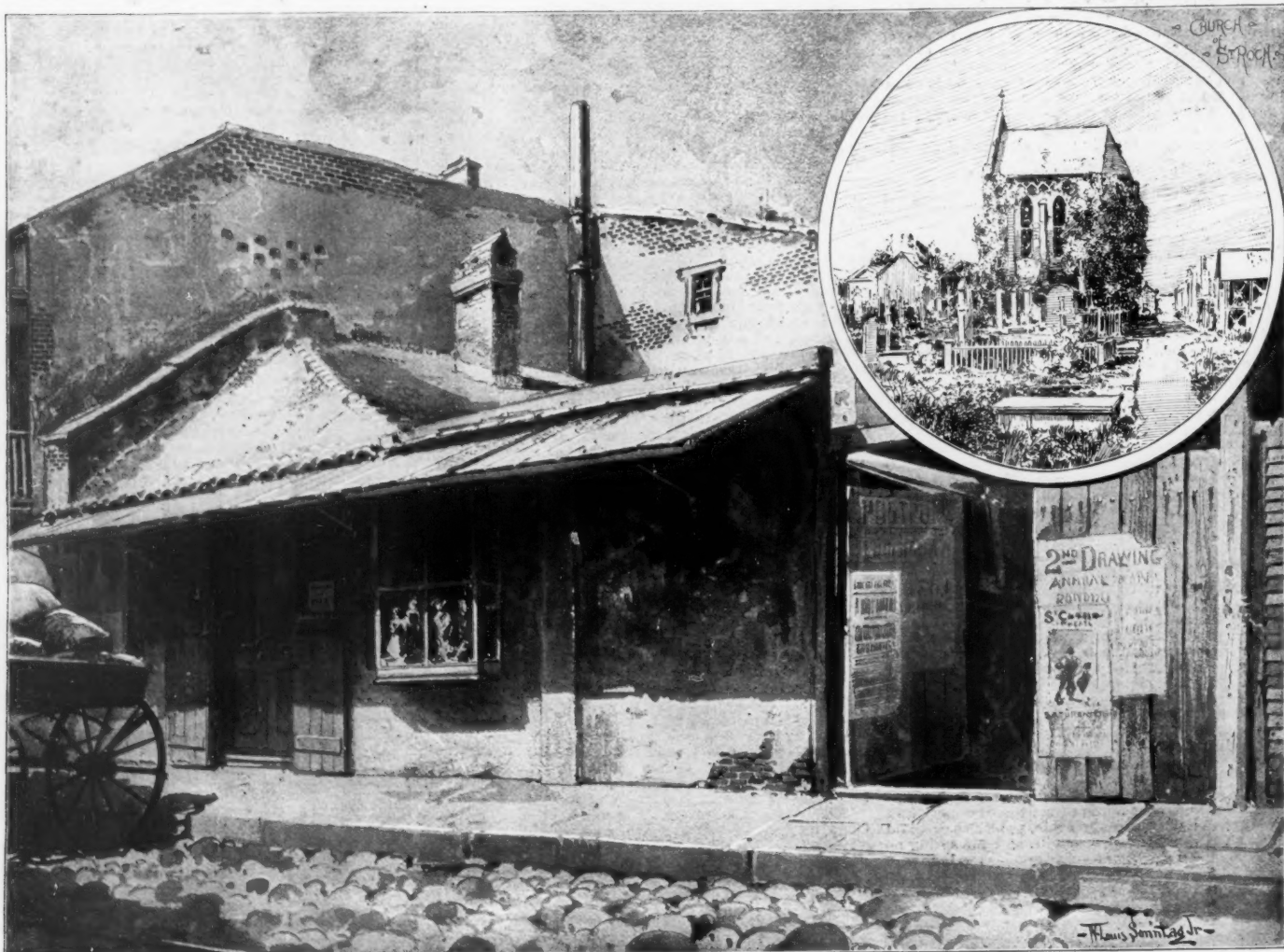
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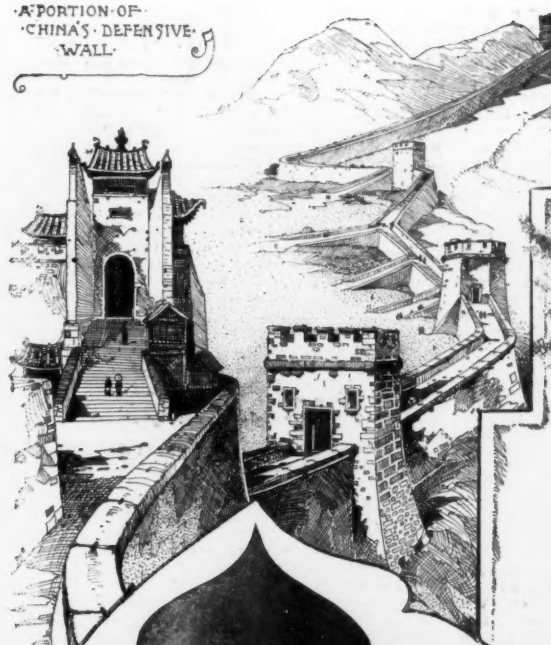
SOME FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.  
(See page 10.)



SOME VIEWS IN THE CRESCENT CITY.  
(See page 10.)



A PORTION OF  
CHINA'S DEFENSIVE  
WALL.



MINGAN-PASS FORT. FOU-TCHEOU RIVER.



A FIRE POT.



UNIFORM  
OF AN OFFICER IN COMMAND  
OF A DEPARTMENT OR ARMY  
CORPS.

IF VICTORIOUS.



"A BLACK FLAG"  
OR CHINESE GUERRILLA.



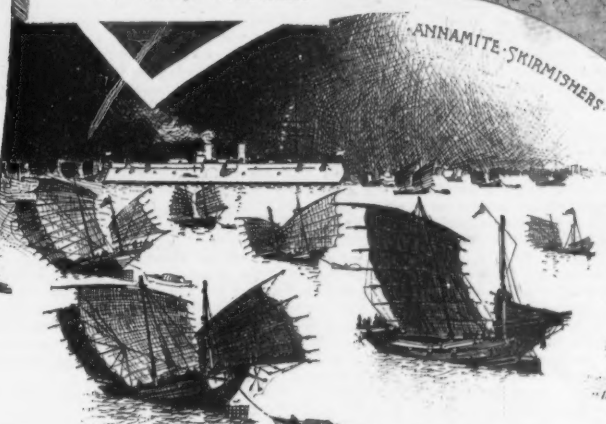
CHINESE  
ENLISTMENT.



A CHINESE  
RIFLE.



ANNAMITE SKIRMISHERS.



A CHINESE  
BATTLESHIP AND  
FLEET OF BLACK FLAG JUNKS.



AN ARMORED BOWMAN.



THE GOVERNOR OF CANTON DELIVERING A  
MILITARY ORDER TO A TARTAR GENERAL.



AN ORDERLY.



A TARTAR SOLDIER  
SHOWING THE ENLISTMENT  
RECORD UPON HIS  
BREAST.



A BARRIER FORT.

THE DEFENCES AND DEFENDERS OF CHINA.

(See page 15.)



## No. 1—MARIE, THE WAX WORKER.

SOME one has very prettily, but rather inadequately said, that New Orleans welcomes the world with—"I offer you an omelette soufflé, a palm-leaf fan and a rose." She offers much besides, and one has a choice of fascinations to select from.

The omelette soufflé is neither a necessity nor a rigid regulation article of diet. It is merely one among many delicate culinary caprices which she offers you, because no other place can. The palm-leaf fan is both a necessity and a regulation item of one's outfit. You will find it bracketed above your table in the restaurant, and you will do well never to find yourself without one. As for the rose, it is in evidence the soft year through. Not any of your scrubby little rose-bushes, which, like so many ill-fated mortals, aspire under the most chilling environment and achieve so little under any; none of your easily discouraged things, which put out a few tentative buds in a shivering fashion to be easily snubbed into bloomlessness by the first nipping frost; but great rose trees, venturesome climbers, blooming aspirants that fling their yards of roses in rich riotings of crimson and gold and frosty white, over tall, strong trellises, or else weave a soft embroidery of leaf and blossom about the iron balconies, softening their outlines as a pink silk domino might hide and soften the rugged outlines of a stern man's features.

But it is not where the all-pervading roses climb and palms fling their spreading shadows in tropic opulence that one looks for the real fascinations of this queer old city, with its American life of progress and convention going on, side by side with its Creole life of quaint conservatism and rich individuality.

There is an aroma to that Creole life, the bouquet to a rare vintage, if one may so describe it, that one does not catch in a passing whiff, nor ever at all, at its best, unless the golden key of personal friendship unlocks the favored portals behind which it lurks.

Once admitted, one is accorded a gracious insight into a unique phase of life, which has thus far stubbornly repelled the influx of modern manners and customs that crowd close up to its very door-sills.

When one wants to study New Orleans, one goes below Canal Street. Above that far from imaginary equatorial line, one finds a refined people, given to modern ways of thinking, living, striving. Its bright women clubbing together along progressive lines. Its beautiful homes dispensing a lavish hospitality. Its asphalted avenues and its electric cars frequented by an up-to-date population. But, just across the dividing line, one comes into queer old narrow streets, paved with round cobble-stones upon which the great cotton-floats and beer wagons generate an inferno of sound as they rumble over them. Into these alley-like thoroughfares twilight comes early and lingers long. Into its steep, narrow homes, with their inevitable green wooden shutters, midday may readily be converted into midnight.

They have their social reserves, these self-contained Creoles; and, if it is their choice to close solid wooden shutters between you and their tiny parlors, what can you say by way of protest? It is only by the quick method of flashlight reproduction that you can make them render up their domestic methods or capture fragments of lives not lived for the outside world. Emphatically not.

It was in this way that I captured the story of Marie, "The Worker in Wax." Worker in Wax was all that her tiny sign revealed. It was characteristic that no name appeared either above or below that bald statement. She was a worker of marvelous wax things, and that was all it concerned you or any other outsider to know—that and the price you would have to pay for the same, if you wanted some.

I was not looking for a worker in wax. I was not really looking for anything. I was simply looking at many things. I had stumbled upon Charles Street, where they told me I must go to see the bird stores. Wonderful congregations of furred and feathered prisoners from every clime: turquoise-blue Pop-birds and yellow canaries chattered at each other noisily as they flashed about their gilded cages, over the crystal basins where alligators no longer than a lady's glove finger squirmed in sullen captivity; chameleons flattened their silken bodies against the bars of their prison houses, waiting for the chance change to a silly woman's bodice; careworn, wrinkle-browed monkeys thrust pallid palms at me in grewsome greeting; sand, white as crushed diamonds, glistened on the floor, and along the shelves were ranged bright-tinted hillocks of sea-shells, that sighed for their lost homes in mid-ocean, to whomsoever would lend an ear. These queer old noisy shops have a pathos of their own, with their fluttering, complaining captives, and I did not linger long. By easy transition into the next parallel street, and I was in Royal, and the main street of the city.

It is here that stores of curios overflow upon the banquette. One does not speak of "sidewalks" or "pavements" in New Orleans; and it is here that rare old print-shops abound; and tiny shops, scarcely bigger than a lady's handbox, will offer you laces a duchess might be proud to wear.

Of course one's eyes are never off the windows, and sometimes one is unexpectedly rewarded for this sort of constancy, as I was. I had just paid my meed of wonder to "The smallest pair of scissors in the world," as they swung plastered and placarded on a crimson silk pad in a cutler's window, when I chanced on the next-door sign—"Worker in Wax." An inch or two less of board, and a spoonful less of paint, would have reduced that sign to utter insignificance, it was so very modest. But no matter. The "Blessed Virgin," in rather too pronounced pink tints, and some marvelous tempting

oranges, were in the tiny window to testify to Marie's skill and her calling.

Just inside the doorway stood, pedestaled on marble, a wonderful little group of fishermen, with their glistening spoils swinging by their sides. One would not have been very much surprised to have them open their plastic mouths and jabber at one in French. But they did not, and I glanced about to discover the creator of all these waxen wonders. I discovered her, sitting behind a tall showcase. She was only visible from her shoulders up. Nothing particularly worth describing was in view. Gingham-clad shoulders, above them a soft-brown pair of eyes, set in a smooth, dusky face, and crowned by some reddish-brown hair. Her invisible hands were at work. I could tell so much by the motion of her shoulders and the concentration of her mind. She looked up at me serenely with experienced eyes. If she had read "purchaser" in me, doubtless some of her would have come promptly into view. But she read "curiosity" instead, and so went on working as placidly as if I were just another piece of dummy wax-work added to her collection. So I poked about, uttering little exclamatory notes of admiration, which fell apparently on deaf ears. Doubtless she would have given them all for one piece of silver. With the superb serenity of one who knows she has wrought well, and needs no assurance from others, she accepted my tribute unsmilingly. She let her soft-brown eyes rest upon me at intervals, just long enough to let me know she heard me. Their upward glance had something Madonna-like about it. When a "no" or a "yes" was absolutely unavoidable, she gave it by a negative or an affirmative shake of her reddish-brown head.

The afternoon sun slanted through the square panes of her one glass window, threading the brown of her hair with gold. It fell upon the silent fishermen and wrought a glittering miracle in their full baskets. I looked at the mute little worker in wax and wondered if she really was a mute, or possibly a female trappist, or something of that sort. By what known process could I extract words from her?

I was contemplating gazing at a dish of ham and eggs, which would have been awfully tantalizing to a starving tramp, when, with a swish of starched petticoats and a gurgle of French expletives, a round red little woman switched into the tiny shop.

"Ah, mon Dieu, Marie. Votre pere, votre pauvre pere. Allez, mon enfant, vite chez vous."

Then I knew her name was Marie, and that she was not a mute, nor a female trappist living under a vow of silence.

With a sharp shrill cry of distress she stood up, showing me that she was tall and slim, and as graceful as an Easter lily. With a despairing gesture she freed her hands from the wax she was moulding and untied the strings of her working apron, pelting the little round woman all the while with sharp, eager questions, which my schoolroom French found hard work to translate. She took down a shabby hat from a peg on the wall, and stood irresolute, glancing at her treasures perplexedly. The round little woman condescended to explain:

"Her father, Marie's pere. He go sick quick like that," snapping her stumpy fingers. "Bad, very bad. Marie, bonne fille. He, all she haff, she all he haff. He old. I watch im while Marie work for him here. She pay, oh, zes, well."

She laughed aloud at the absurdity of any possible idea I might entertain on the subject of gratuitous service.

Marie was running a long pin through her shabby black hat. She was regarding me intently. Then she spoke to me for the first time, in a voice soft as a cooing dove and in fairly good English. "I must look up the shop. I do not like to do it. Some one is sure to bring an order. Some one always does if I go away, and then they take it to old Jerome Conti, up the street, who hates me."

Then I conceived a great scheme. I opened my arms as if I were baring my soul for her inspection.

"Look at me, Marie. Do I not look honest? I will stay until you come back. Perhaps you will only be gone a little while. And then old Jerome will not get your customers."

"Mademoiselle is good. Mademoiselle has no need to steal. She has plenty. Come, Marie, it must not be that we find him dead all alone."

The round little woman spoke in her best English for my benefit, and tugged Marie by the sleeve until she had gotten her fairly across the threshold, when they both broke into a swift run, leaving me alone with the Blessed Virgin and the silent fishermen, pondering on the equivocal endorsement I had received from the small woman in the stiff petticoats.

Mademoiselle was honest because she had plenty, and did not need to steal; but into my reverie walked a thick-lipped, clean-shaven young Frenchman, who looked at me in open-mouthed perplexity. I had taken up position on Marie's stool behind the showcase, no other being available, and was trying to look as if I had just been taken into full partnership. I was convinced by the first helpless glance of the young man's somewhat popped eyes that his stock in English was, as my stock of French, limited and badly battered by constant use. I spread my hands with proprietary interest over Marie's showcase:

"Voulez-vous anything, Monsieur?"

"Marie!" he answered, plaintively.

"She has allez chez her home. Son, pere. Malade. Bad sick."

It flashed upon me that, if that old Frenchman's sickness was as bad as my French, his case was hopeless. My confidence in the lucidity of that reply was not overweening, but I hoped it might mitigate the despair in his face—and it did. In fact, he looked quite joyous: "Son pere! Ah, that is all right."

I have heard that the slang of a language is always most readily acquired by foreigners, but aside from that, Marie's friend developed unsuspected linguistic possibilities. He, too, came behind the showcase, and seating himself on the edge of Marie's work-bench, where, doubtless, he had perched many times before, set one of his tan-colored shoes sociably swinging while he proceeded to unbosom himself with the utmost candor.

Perhaps he reasoned that "Any one who was honest

enough to be entrusted alone with Marie's treasures could also be trusted with his secrets."

Marie was his betrothed. But she was obstinate. She would not fix a day to be married because her old father needed her. As if he, her fiancé, did not need her more. This with an outward sweep of his brown hands. "And"—telling the whole story in that rich patois which it is a gift to reproduce—"he had come there that morning to quarrel with her. She must choose between the old man and the young one. But now, if the old man were very ill, perhaps St. Joseph had granted his prayer and all would soon be well for him and Marie."

"You did not wish Marie's father to die?"

He got up from the work-bench with a laugh.

"No, not quite that. Ah, no. Only, St. Joseph knows best how to bring one's wishes to pass," and he had been out to the wishing-well at St. Roch's and had bought a St. Joseph wishing that Marie might be made sensible. Evidently the news of the old man's illness had lifted a load from the young man's heart.

But I wanted very much to hear more about St. Roch's, and told him so, in my best English-French, to which he responded, at length, in his best French-English.

St. Roch's is where all the faithful ones go to pray and petition a special Providence to grant their special small wishes.

Aloof from the dust and din of the city proper, it towers in quaint, steep proportions, vine-clad up to the very gable front, where the old bell swings and the sparrows nest in quiet security. A whitewashed wall shuts St. Roch's in from the green flats and the low frame huts that cluster close up to its sacred portals. Before its altar, candles, set in flat tin candlesticks, are always burning. Piled in one corner of its chancel, pathetic witnesses to the credulity of mankind, are the crutches, canes and false limbs that have been rendered useless by St. Joseph's answers to the prayers of the faithful.

At the entrance gate is a wizened old concierge, who will sell you a St. Joseph for fifteen cents—cheap, it strikes one, for so potent a factor for good to humanity.

You purchase your St. Joseph, before winding your way among the pink-brown or yellow stucco tombs, oven-like affairs above ground, over which jessamines and coral vines clamber luxuriantly, toward the wishing-well, into whose dark depths you whisper the innermost desire of your soul, confident that the tiny tin saint clasped in your believing grasp will hear and will answer.

All this Marie's lover told me, with evident pity for my benighted condition, and was just finishing most elaborate directions as to how to reach St. Roch's when I wanted to do my own wishing, when a solemn old man, the color of a meerschaum pipe that has seen much usage, came in with a roll of black crape in his hand.

"I shut up the shop," he said, laconically, looking at Marie's lover with disfavor.

"Ah, then the old man is dead," I said, feeling unaccountably mixed up in Marie's domestic affairs.

"Yes."

"Then I do not need to go to the wishing-well, nor buy a St. Joseph," said the young man, winking wickedly at me. "Marie is mine and fifteen cents saved."

He went his way, and I went mine.—(See page 8.)

J. H. WALWORTH.



HERE have been those who have said and who have written, that of all fame, that which comes to the orator, the singer and the actor is alone fraught with sadness, because it is so fleeting and evanescent, since it alone depends upon tradition—after the eyes and ears that have seen and heard have ceased to be. But is this altogether so? It is true that sculptors, painters, architects and musical composers leave behind them their visible and tangible works; yet the memories of the great who have left no such record are still green among us, though centuries lie between their achievements and our applause. Napoleon is as surely real to us as Raphael and Praxiteles; and Talma, Garrick, Edmund Kean, Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan, Sarah Siddons, Malibran and Pasta, are familiar "as household words," though their matchless dramatic power, eloquence or musical skill be no more than "hearsay," and without existing evidence other than what we find in books. It is pleasant, though, if nothing more, to recall through portraiture the personality of such personages; and even in the case of the great artists in song and the drama of our time, nothing so helps to perpetuate their memories as their "counterfeit presentment."

Of late it has become the fashion to publish portraits of notable men and women, taken at different ages, so that we see how far "the boy is father to the man," or the girl mother to the woman. Without going back to infancy, it is not uninteresting to see how present or recent favorites appeared a generation ago; and this paper, with its illustrative portraits reproduced from photographs, purposes doing this very thing in the instance of a group of well-known actresses, nearly all of whom are still living with the desire to show how they appeared twenty or thirty years ago.

It was longer ago than thirty years—when Burton's Theatre stood in Chambers Street, New York, where now stands the Department of Public Works—that Mrs. Russell, who was then one of New York's prime favorites, was making her fame in that theatre. Born Josephine Shaw, she was one of a family of actors, and the grace and charm of her acting, and the natural sweetness of her manner, made her a special attraction. Later she became Mrs. John Hoey, and, as the leading lady of her time at Wallack's Theatre, was favorably known to

## PLAYING CARDS.

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every play-goer who ever visited New York. In those days the Empress Eugenie had developed her skillful idea of the "hooped skirt," and it had been at once eagerly adopted by English and American ladies, and so it comes about that the portrait of Mrs. Hoey, given elsewhere, presents her in that fashion, which so recently again threatened to become in vogue among the fair sex.

Apropos of Wallack's Theatre, which was opened at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, September 25, 1861—one of the capricious city's favorites at that theatre a few years later was Ione Burke, whose portrait, taken in 1870, will be recognized only by the old stagers. She was a very charming actress, and a very lovely woman as well; and when she married a young Englishman and departed this land there was wailing among the young swells of the day. Her husband's name was Hurluck.

Laura Keene died twenty-one years ago. How time flies! Born in England, she made her first appearance in New York in 1852, making her American debut at Wallack's, and thereafter becoming well known and admired throughout the country as one of the best comedienne of her day. Late in the fifties she established Laura Keene's Theatre, where she brought out "Our American Cousin" in 1858, with Joe Jefferson as Asa Trenchard, and Edward A. Sothorn as Lord Dundreary. She afterward married a Mr. Lutz, and it was while witnessing "Our American Cousin" played by her company, at Ford's Theatre, Washington, April 14, 1865, that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth. She starred through the country after that, remaining on the stage until two years before her death.

Lydia Thompson was playing with her company at Niblo's Garden at the time when our portrait of her was made, and for ten years she was one of the best-known and most popular actresses in America. While she was admirable in the burlesque which held the stage at that time, she was also an excellent actress in soubrette parts and in melodrama; one of the last literary efforts of Alexandre Dumas père was the play called "Mosquito," written for Miss Thompson, and with which she made a success in the leading theatres throughout the country. Miss Thompson is still a recognized attraction to her old friends.

Pauline Markham, easily the most beautiful woman on the stage in her best days, with a form that young New York raved about, and "Nym Crinkle" wrote up in his most ironical vein, is also an existing reminder of past stage triumphs; and still young in years, though old in stage experience. Her beauty while yet in her teens attracted the attention of Charles Calvert, the manager of a Manchester theatre, who saw her and heard her sing in London, and who brought her out as Titania in a grand reproduction of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Jarrett & Palmer brought her to New York, and her appearance as the Stalacta of the first "Black Crook" was a revelation. Our portrait of her is from a photograph taken at the period when she was a member of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company.

Who among those living at the time will ever forget Tostée, and the wave of French Opera Comique that flung her, triumphant, on the very crest of metropolitan popularity in '68? Tostée in "La Grande Duchesse" was simply inimitable; and, though Aimée and others who came after her were more satisfactory in other characters, in that she was *facile princeps*. A delight to the eye and the ear, with a *chic* that was simply unapproachable—she introduced America to a novelty in musical extravaganza that, for the time, carried the public away as by a whirlwind.

There has never been another instance in the history of the American stage like that of Emily Rigl. She was born in Vienna, noted for its beautiful women. Her father was a ballet-master, her mother a *danseuse*, and Emily and her sister Betty were both educated for the ballet, and Betty Rigl made a reputation as a solo dancer, in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden; afterward she married off the stage, a gentleman of family and position, and retired. Emily played the part of Columbine in G. L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty," in 1868, and was for a time *première danseuse* in traveling combinations. But, having attracted Augustin Daly's attention by her evident dramatic instinct, she was advised by him to prepare for the legitimate stage. She accordingly took a course of study of the English language at the Springer Institute, and, in 1874, made her debut on Daly's stage in a small part, and rose rapidly to be an actress of recognized power and talent. In the "Galley Slave," Miss Rigl achieved a veritable triumph. Certainly this rise from the position of a ballet-dancer to that of "leading lady" is almost unexampled.

Minnie Palmer will hardly recognize herself in the "girl in her teens" shown in our portrait, the last in this gallery of dramatic portraiture so full of food for interesting reminiscence. The young lady little thought when she was sitting, twenty years ago, for the photograph from which this representation is reproduced that she would become a favorite in the principal theatres of England and America, the owner of the "Cleveland" diamond, and personally interested in a divorce suit. She began her dramatic career in a small piece called "The King and the Page," and, in 1874, appeared before a limited audience of Yokels at Elizabethport, where she gave evidence of the possession of remarkable dramatic talent. Her after career is well known to the general theatre-going public.—(See page 8.)

FRANK H. NORTON.

#### THE NEW GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

ALABAMA, which leads the States of the Union alphabetically, has the additional distinction, this year, of being the first to hold a general election. The result of the election, which occurred on the 6th inst., is of interest for this reason and for the additional one that it furnished the first test of strength in this campaign between the Democrats, who have so long controlled the South undisputedly, and their new and powerful opponents, the Populists. William C. Oates was the Democratic candidate and Reuben F. Kolb was his opponent. Oates was elected by a majority of many thousands.

The new Governor of Alabama is one of the most prominent of the Southern politicians of the day. He



W. C. OATES, NEW DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

began life as a very poor farmer's son in Southeast Alabama. At the age of fourteen he went to Florida, and worked for several years at hard manual labor, part of the time on the farm and afterward at the carpenter's trade. He wasted no time, however, and when the war began he had acquired, by his own efforts, a fair education. When hostilities broke out, he raised a company among his homefolk in Alabama, and during the struggle that followed made a brave record as a soldier and as a commander. After the war Colonel Oates began the practice of law at Abbeville, the capital of Henry County. He succeeded from the first, and soon established a fine practice. He then went into politics, and fourteen years ago was elected to Congress from his district. He served with distinction in the Lower House for seven terms, only retiring to enter the race for Governor, which he has just won.

## LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE

INNOCENTLY twinkle the lights along the coast, winking at you from a distance like fire-flies; and, close by, regarding you with the calm steadfastness of stars. And yet, unlike either stars or fire flies, requiring a great deal of labor for their maintenance, and supporting a very large body of people who do nothing but attend to Uncle Sam's lamps. The Light-house Service of the United States is the largest supported by any one country in the world; and the irregularities of the Atlantic Coast, alone, afford material for stranger tales of the sea than the literature of any other country could possibly furnish. There are nine hundred and ninety lighthouses along the two coasts—Atlantic and Pacific—and the number inland, in river, lake and harbor, would swell the list far past the thousand mark. The Great Lakes have a score looking toward Canada; and Canada looks back at us with seventeen of her own.

In each of these lighthouses, or in a cottage where he can visit the light by day and watch it by night, dwells a keeper, with his family; for seafaring men are proverbially romantic, and the first thing a young keeper does is to bring to the Light a maiden—usually a pilot's daughter—to "Tend the Light" with him and make a cheery home in the gray tower where, but for her, he would be a hermit alone in a world of mist. In the lighthouse-keeper's home there are books—a little worn, perhaps, for Uncle Sam says: "Read these, so that in six months I may pass them along to the Light further down the coast;" and of course they have done duty all around the shore-line. He has newspapers, too—weekly ones—and his mail; for again Uncle Sam is kind, and does not allow his men to be entirely cut off from communication with the shore, for more than a week at a time. And he pays them well, too, so that the pilot's daughter goes to a home which, though barren of barnyard or "garden spot," has, nevertheless, a well-stocked cellar and a richer larder than ever the frugal pilot's wife allowed.

And the lighthouse-keeper, while there to aid those seeking direction, is protected himself by the strong arm of the Government, so that he is as in a fortress. Ships passing cannot anchor to him; sailboats cannot steer up and tie to his sides; nor can fishing smacks throw out lines, grappling them to the lighthouse rock—no matter how desirable may be the fishing preserve, nor how large the passing "school."

In every coast State there is a law which says:

"Any person who shall moor any vessel of any kind, or any boat, skiff, barge, scow or raft, to any buoy or beacon, placed in navigable waters of this State, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of \$100, or imprisonment for six months."

California, Oregon and Washington have thus protected their Lights on the Pacific; and Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Florida on the Atlantic.

Although alone, but for the companionship of his wife

and children, a lighthouse-keeper has, continually passing before him, a panorama of scenes, stranger than any that could be produced in a play-house; and, like the scenes of a play, dealing with life and death and all the emotions that come to living beings.

Is then the lighthouse-keeper's pet boast that he "knows a great deal of the world" an idle one?

#### THE PRESIDENT'S LIGHTHOUSE.

There is a pretty story told of the keeper of the Clark Point lighthouse in Buzzard's Bay—the lighthouse under whose rays the President and his neighbor Joseph Jefferson fish o' nights. And the story is to the effect that the keeper, Amos Baker, Jr., by name, and an old man, long at sea before he took charge of the Light fourteen years ago, persists in declaring that he never "saved" a life, although Buzzard's Bay is full of pitfalls and Clark Point has shown upon many a capsize boat. Last spring, looking out over the water, Amos espied a rowboat bottom side up; and, lying motionless upon the bottom of it, a man. It took but a few minutes to row out to him, bring him to shore, rub him into consciousness and send him on his way again, alive if not rejoicing. And just before this, a whale, astray from his comrades and in a bad temper, "stove in" a boat, giving Mr. Baker a chance to "pick up" the crew before the waves had beaten them asleep—and the whale did the rest. After which they too were restored to speech.

"Surely, that is saving a life, isn't it, Uncle Amos?" asked a shore lad.

"N—o—o. I can't say it was," replied Uncle Amos, reflectively, "because the whale accident was seen by others, and somebody would have picked up that rowboat fellow before he had got to Europe!"

At Bergen Point, where there is a cozy lighthouse, like a round tower, there is a charming home-circle—the keeper, his wife, a little niece, a dog and several tame birds. And many are the quaint stories told to wanderers who have come under the Light and into it for protection and repairs. One of these is of a prominent physician of New York City—if he sees this he will recognize his own "case"—who was capsized and rescued when he had nearly fainted from the buffeting waves.

"It was the white apron—your wife kept waving—that kept up my spirits—" he gasped, as the keeper hauled him into the little boat. "And now," the story always concludes, "he doctors us for nothing all the year round, and stays with us a few days every summer. He says that sometime we may have the luck to save a butcher and a groceryman!"

Cuttyhunk, Mass., has a hero to take care of its Light. He has been decorated by the Massachusetts Humane Society and made keeper of its Life-Station, as well as the recipient of honors from the Government. The most tragic story he tells is best told in his own language, as it is too historic to be altered:

"The best thing I ever did was rescuing the British schooner *Rob and Harry*. The wreck was discovered at four o'clock in the afternoon by my son, a boy of nine years, returning from school. I instantly sent word to the village, and soon had a volunteer crew on the spot. We launched the lifeboat, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in reaching the wreck. The wind was blowing a hurricane from the west; and the schooner, with four men clinging to her, lay among the jagged rocks about two hundred yards from the beach, with the sea making a clean breach over her fore and aft.

"As soon as our boat got under the bows of the wreck I called to the men to 'stand by' to jump in—and two immediately did so. But before the remaining men could follow a heavy sea swept over the vessel, filling the boat with water and broken wreck, and driving her back to the shore badly stove.

"Although some of the rescued men died, we were decorated by the State; and the boat did many a good deed afterward—until it was wrecked under me at the Aquatic Disaster on the Sow and Pigs Reef—known the world over."

Visitors along the pretty Virginia shore have made the acquaintance of James Hurst, of Cherrystone, the young lighthouse-keeper, whose pet summer story is a sad one, though it tells of endeavor.

"I saw a wreck right off there," he says, pointing oceanward, "and put out to save the crew. When I got there only three were left swimming in the icy water. They were trying to hold fast a rope I had flung to them. I seized the only white man of the lot, and tried to get him in the boat, while the other two went down before my eyes. The white man was a dead weight, and I lost my oars, and was finally overturned holding fast to him.

"I had to let him drop, and away I drifted, a mile from the Light, where I was picked up, taken to the shore, and did not get back home for two days—with the Light dark all the time."

The oldest keeper in the service is James Anderson, of the Pacific Coast; and one of the West's bravest life-savers is Fred Harrington, of Trinidad; while a pet keeper, full of summer stories, is Samuel Turner, of Cold Spring Harbor, nearer home.

Keeper Littlefield, of the Liberty Statue, has many tales of peace—how his little daughter was the first of her sex to climb the Liberty torch, and how one curly-headed child was born with Liberty lighting her into the world.

There are other and darker stories told of the Lights—of attempts to tamper with them for purposes of wreckage and bribe-offers to one who is responsible for "a pure clear light."

But to the lasting credit of the lighthouse-keepers be it told that, never on record, has such an effort been placed, as successful; and never has a keeper been too idle or too fearful to replenish the lamp into starriness.

As Nathan L. Berry says in "Shore Acres":  
"The light! The light! The oil burns low! D—n you, man! I'll fill that lamp—and keep it burning—or die!"

AGUSTA PRESCOTT.

Headache caused by worry or stomach  
Trouble speedily cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



# OUR ASTROLOGER

**L. N. S., Elmira.**—This young lady was born under the sign Gemini, with Venus rising, and the Sun, Neptune, the Moon and Mercury just above the Earth. She would be of middle stature, inclining to stoutness as she grows older, with brown hair, sanguine complexion to dark, blue or gray eyes. She is headstrong and somewhat wayward, and rather likely to be unfortunate. Still, she has strong aspects in her favor, and ought to have influential friends, and eventually to meet with success. The most of her evil fortune will have come to her while she is young; and the present year has been very favorable for her. She is fond of pleasure, and would be likely to be extravagant in the pursuit of it. She is likely to marry very young—a slim, handsome man, clear complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes—an excellent match. Her chances for health and a long life are of the best. She had evil aspects in 1880-81, 1884-86, 1891 and 1893. She has nothing unfortunate in sight, except that her health may suffer somewhat during next year, from the presence of Saturn in Scorpio in her "House of Sickness."

**C. G. C., Turkey.**—This young gentleman was born in Constantinople, and under very favorable auspices. At the hour of his birth, Jupiter was just rising, in good aspect with the Sun in the Mid-Heaven. He would be certain to achieve honors and gain wealth, though he will be extravagant in the pursuit of pleasure; but he will gain distinction in social circles by his ability and accomplishments. He is very likely to have lost, or to lose, one of his nearest relatives while he is still young, and he would have trouble with regard to any landed property he might obtain by inheritance, or otherwise. Short journeys are fortunate for him, and so are any matters conducted by correspondence and writings. If he marries, his wife will be of middle height, well formed, dark complexion; very prudent and shrewd, a born diplomatist, ingenious, and rather conceited; the marriage would not prove a fortunate one. He had trouble of some sort from 1886 to the end of 1889—though it was less in 1887. In 1896 he will have more, somewhat mitigated, however. He will be clear of evil aspects, after 1898, for some years.



This gentleman was born with the zodiacal sign Scorpio rising, and should be of medium height, well formed, large bones, dark, ruddy complexion, brown or black curling hair, and gray eyes. He was born under rather auspicious circumstances with regard to ability; is generous, free and bold by nature, would be generally respected, and, if in Government service, would obtain rapid preferment. In fact, he would make an excellent soldier, but is inclined to be rash and headstrong, while he is quick-witted and persevering. He is in danger when traveling long distances, and will not be likely to die in his own land. He is fond of female society, changeable in his opinions, an ambitious business man; interested in science, but inclined to fly from one subject to another, and very talkative, and fond of argument. He has Saturn in the ascendant, and evil aspects that would give him ill success and a good deal of worry over money matters; probably he would have better fortune in speculative enterprises than in any other, but he would be inclined to be improvident in the pursuit of pleasure. He would be fortunate, however, in having the friendship and aid of influential persons; and he would be likely to gain by inheritance, but with trouble and annoyance. He would have trouble in courtship, and would marry late, if at all; his wife being described as of medium height, not stout, sanguine complexion, oval face, light hair, with an excellent disposition. He had evil periods in infancy, and at 6, 10, 16, 21 and 23 years of age; some trouble in July-August, 1894; and 1896 will not be favorable to him. He will have his best fortune after he is forty—barring accidents to his person. His head and throat are his weak spots for health.

**G. M. H., Brooklyn.**—You were born with the zodiacal sign Aquarius rising; and are of medium height, pale or sanguine complexion, brown or sandy hair; inclined to be stout. You have a sharp wit and quick understanding, are eccentric in your ideas, possess good abilities; and are interested in music and singing, and the arts generally. You will be particularly favored in regard to the opposite sex, among whom you will have

valuable friends; and your chances for success in life are exceedingly favorable in every way, though you will never be rich. You are very fond of pleasure, and will be extravagant in that connection. You are courageous, and strong nerved; and your general health should be good, and your life long, though you will be liable to disorders of the chest and throat—especially diphtheria. Your marriage prospects are good, but you would hardly marry early; though you would probably be engaged, or have a love affair at twenty-three. Your wife is described as rather tall and slender, full eyes, light brown hair, clear complexion and a charming disposition. You should be very fortunate in your married life. You are very likely to obtain money by marriage, and also by legacy. You have had very few evil aspects through life; probably at 9, 11, 14, 17 years of age; from 1879 to 1883 was not very fortunate for you; 1888-89 should have been more so; and also 1891 and '92; 1893-94 not so good, especially October, 1894. There is no trouble impending for you in sight, or for several years.



**A. H. P., Florida.**—You were born with the zodiacal sign Sagittarius rising, and are governed by Jupiter. You will be of medium height, rather stout, clear complexion; in disposition intrepid and generous, fond of sports, especially fond of horses, good-hearted. You have excellent aspects for success in life, and will probably become wealthy, not only through your own exertions, but by legacies. And as you will have the aid of powerful friends in your advancement, you will become independent, and die in a good position, at an advanced age. The aspects that indicate this are also very favorable for your father. You are fond of society, music, and the arts and have a good intellect, learning languages or anything else easily; clear-headed, and with good business capacity. You are indicated to marry, but the union will prove unsatisfactory. Before you have finished your career you are likely to do something in literature. Your health will be generally good, your throat and neck being your weak spots. You are inclined to be quick-tempered, and to argue. Short journeys, especially by water, are not favorable for you. You had evil aspects at 5, 10, 12, 16, 18; and in 1894, beginning in May; and you will have some trouble in the latter part of 1895; after that it will be favorable for some years. Your good years were those not here mentioned.

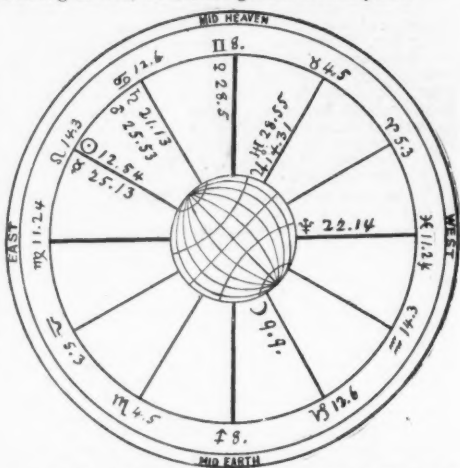


**Emma L., Cal.**—You were born under the sign Gemini, and are governed by the planet Mercury. You are fond of music and the sister arts, and have doubtless talent; and you are intuitive and have considerable power of intellectual culture. In fact your chief danger is from your high-strung nervous and mental nature; this should be guarded against, and you should avoid over-excitement. You are vivacious, fond of society, and of pleasure and traveling; and you would be likely to make a good many short journeys. You would be very likely to inherit property, and, in any event, would always possess a competence. If you marry, it would be a short, stout man, with round face, light brown hair, and blue eyes; a kind, courteous and just man, much respected; you would be

likely to marry well in a financial sense. As regards your health, your head will be the chief source of trouble; and, after that, the back and kidneys. The years 1895 and '96 will be likely to try your constitution severely, and you will need to take good care of yourself. You were rather hard to raise, and you had trouble or sickness at 8, 11, 13 and 15 years.

**J. C. D., Brooklyn.**—If your date, which was almost illegible, is August 13, you were born under the sign Scorpio, and are governed by the planet Mars, then placed in the Mid-Heaven. You would be of middle stature, well-formed, round face, dark, ruddy complexion, gray eyes. You would be fond of study, and strongly interested in literature, and likely to be a writer of ability; and you would be religiously inclined; at the same time you should be quick at figures, and a good business woman; and, if you cared to do so, you would be successful in any undertaking patronized by women. You have the Sun in the Mid-Heaven, unafflicted, and your life should be very fortunate; yet you would suffer from public and private criticism—whether deserved or not. You are fond of traveling, and are indicated to do a good deal of it. Your husband is described as rather tall, well made, round face, full eyes, clear complexion, light brown hair, proud and somewhat stubborn and passionate—but generous and kind. It should be a happy union, though you would be unfortunate as to children. You would be subject to headaches and nervous trouble, and throat disorder, but would have a long, and generally healthy, life. You would be liable to danger on the water. The close of 1894 may bring you some trouble, and your life will not be without more or less of it for some time; 1896 and 1897 should bring you some good fortune, however.

**Ida V., New York.**—You were born with Sagittarius rising, and are under the dominion of the planet Jupiter. You would be described as tall and upright, with chestnut hair, sanguine complexion, oval face, brown eyes—altogether very charming. You have a very amiable nature, are fond of active exercise, and ought to be a good rider. You have a very bright mind; are witty, sharp, and persevering; quick at figures, and studious. You are not unlikely to inherit property and to marry money, but you will have a good deal of annoyance about it if you do. You are popular with the opposite sex, and you have the possibility of marrying twice; or of breaking with one and marrying the other. One is of medium height, dark brown or black hair, rather pensive, but fond of distinction, and talkative; the other is taller and stouter, with light brown hair and gray eyes, sanguine complexion, clever, artistic in his tastes, and a good orator. It is very probable you have artistic talent yourself. You would be fond of travel, and it would be fortunate for you. You have excellent faculties for teaching, and would be particularly successful in that vocation. You have had few evil periods; they were at 6, 13-16, and you will have one in the latter part of 1896; these are not necessarily serious. Nothing serious, either, in sight for several years.



**J. M. K., Tacoma.**—You were born with Virgo rising, and are under the dominion of the planet Mercury. You are described as above the middle height, with dark complexion, hair and eyes; proud and ambitious; ought to be a good orator, and a linguist; fond of learning and of curiosities, and out-of-the-way subjects. You would not be likely to be orthodox in your religious belief, but would possess original ideas on that, as on most subjects. You need to be careful of your associations, as you will have so-called "friends" who will strive to injure you; and it is better to give your confidence to persons of an opposite personal type from yourself. You have an inclination toward art, and probably artistic talent; and should have success either as an artist or a musician. But you have not very good aspects for pecuniary success, and will have a good many money troubles, first and last. And it is the same in regard to marriage; there is no clear evidence that you would marry, and if you did, it would not prove a success. This year should be good to your fortune—though you may have had some trouble in July-August; and there are evil aspects that will not get past you until January, 1895, after which time there is nothing serious in sight. You will perhaps find, if you consult your experience, that the number "9" has had a curious connection with your life.

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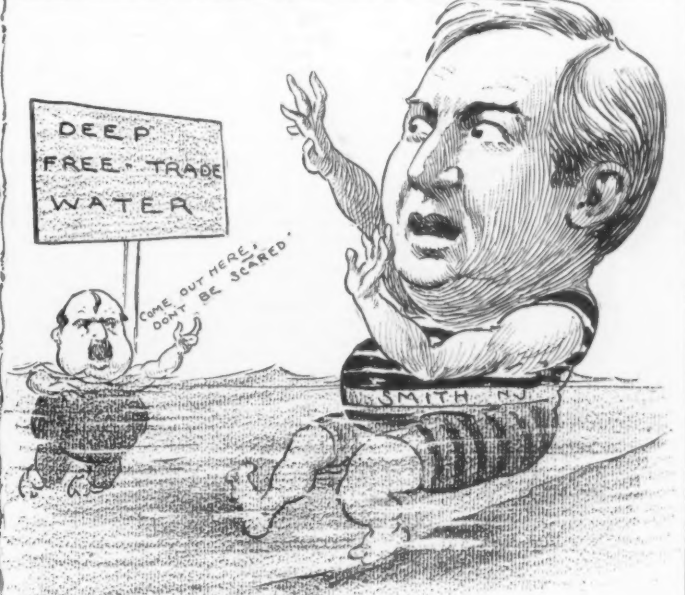
1 This little senator hammered at the tax



2 This one played a little bluff



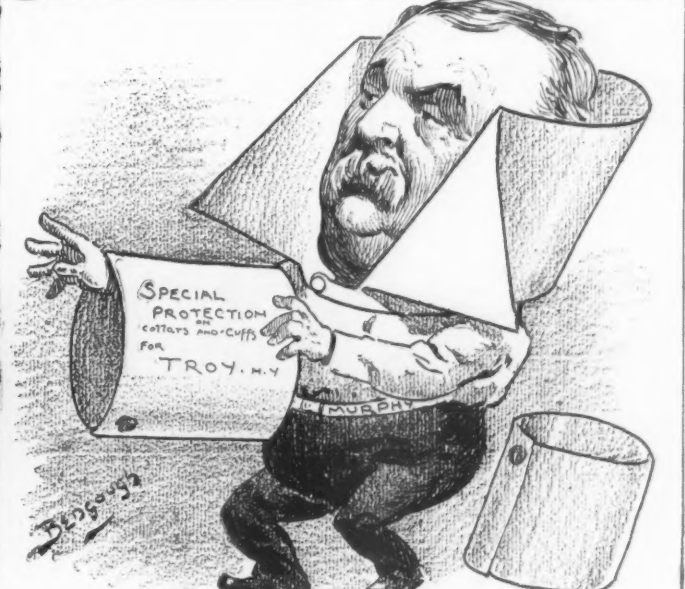
3 These two stuck fast to their sticky sugar stick



4 And this one had gone far enough



5 These two went sailing off in both boats at once



6 But this one Troyed on a cuff

HOW THE EIGHT LITTLE SENATORS BLOCKED THE TARIFF BILL.

## CHAT ABOUT CLOTHES.

IT is almost too late in the season to take an absorbing interest in new gowns and bonnets. Most of us are provided with Summer wardrobes to the extent that our purses in these very hard times will allow, and our experiments in vanities are now confined to mental sketches of autumn clothes, based on the rumors that have already reached us of certain notable changes of fashion impending.

The approach of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" is indicated in the coloring of the millinery designated for this month, russet brown and green playing an important part in the selection of straws, which continue to be loosely plaited and ornamental, sometimes combining two colors in the plait. A stylish hat, with a "beef-eater" crown, in dull gold silk, had a brim of coarse straw woven red, brown and green. Dark red velvet in a lovely tone was twisted round the crown, leading up to the rich coloring of a handsome cluster of cherries with natural-looking foliage. A marked feature of the new millinery, seen even on sailor hats, is a narrow binding of velvet or silk in bright color, such as poppy velvet on black straw. I hear, though I have not yet seen, that the draped collar-bands, which have been so deservedly popular during the last two or three seasons, are now to be superseded by collars standing well up round the neck and curving over at the edge, a pretty tie, with ends of finely plaited lace, giving the necessary touch of completeness. The fashion of wearing light-colored fancy silk bodices in decided contrast of color to the skirt and sleeves will in all probability be kept up through the winter, as it gives an effect of smartness not readily to be relinquished, and is also a very economical fashion when applied to last-year gowns. A favorite way of adapting this style to summer dresses has been to use cotton crepon for the plain skirt and huge sleeves, and black moire for the bodice. This bodice is really a sleeveless jacket, closed up the front and fitting as tightly as a cuirass. Its hardness was toned down by arrangements of white or écaru guipure lace. The effect could be reversed by using plain dark material for the skirt and sleeves, and figured silk or richly embroidered Oriental material for the bodice.

While young ladies and young married women manifest an unchanging partiality for plain skirts fitting smoothly over the hips and flaring at the hem, fashionable matrons evince a decided fondness for trimmings and slight draperies. This is as it should be, for except when very rich material is used, a severely plain skirt lacks the importance inseparable from one's ideas of the gown appropriate to a middle-aged or elderly woman. A simple grenadine may be made to look very stylish trimmed with frills that are French-hemmed and headed with a small puff, or having flounces of lace mounted on silk, with a ruched ribbon heading looped into bows at intervals. Triple skirts cut into deep Vandykes, bordered with quilting of narrow satin ribbon, are also effective. The plainness of the skirt around the hips is improved by the stylish cut of the basque, which is edged with jet, or has ribbons depending from the waist and terminating in looped bows.

"The great event of the day," writes a Paris correspondent, "is the 1830 'coal-scuttle' bonnet. It is huge and ungainly in shape, but it seems to take the fancy



of leading elegantes, for it is quite a rare thing now to see any carriage drive by in which there is not at least one of these monstrosities seen. Sometimes you also see long ringlets under these funny-looking constructions, and they seem a natural finish to them. They remind us of some old pictures of the by-gone beauties of the beginning of this century." The writer goes on to add that only young and pretty women have so far dared to wear these trying new "antiquities." I should hope so. I earnestly trust the fashion, if it becomes general, will be confined to such as I am sure the average feminine face would appear to sorry disadvantage under such a hideous combination as ringlets and a coal-scuttle bonnet.

Shoulder capes are still appearing in ever-changing styles and materials. The latest sensation in this direction is what is called the Manby cape, made of brown or dark green dressed leather with a surface that looks like velvet. They are supremely chic and becoming, but I fancy they would be uncomfortably warm for this climate. Taffetas, plain and short, are also used for capes, which are sometimes double in two shades. Both capes are of the same length, and are worn à la Valois, thrown open in front, allowing the under cape to be seen, which it would not be otherwise.

The English Redfern has adopted the very sensible and satisfactory plan of showing off his new designs completely made up on tiny models or dolls. It is such a comfort to know exactly how one's new gown is going to look, that I wish one could require of every dressmaker to construct a finished diminutive model of

every dress before the shears are put to the cloth. It would be so easy to suggest improvements or corrections in advance, and it would also be an advantage for the



dressmaker, as her patrons could not find fault with the finished gown after approving of the model. One of the original costumes built by the above mentioned well-known tailor had a stockette bodice in a deep tone of purple over a skirt of white serge, slashed slightly at each seam and edged with fine gold cord. A scarlet petticoat peeped through as the wearer walked. An anchor in blue and red was embroidered on the collar. The bodice, which was perfectly plain, was fastened invisibly down the left side, as all bodices are now, unless fastened in the back. We are promised a quite new departure in silks this autumn, and moire will probably be to a great extent ousted from favor. Cornflower and Napoleon blue velvets will be much used, and caracule will again be the favorite fur.

Some of the fashionable modes exploited at the seaside during the present season are depicted on this page. One of the costumes shown is made of a delightful material, a kind of thick-ribbed piqué, which does not crease, and which comes in the most charming colors imaginable, such as brown holland, rose pink and cornflower blue. The one shown is of the latter shade, the open coat being faced with moire and the cuffs turned back with the same. The dress next to it is in a deep tone of tan piqué. It has an Eton coat and double revers, one being of black watered silk. The pretty afternoon costume shown is of bark crepon, the bodice made in a very simple yet effective fashion, with draped folds of Chiné silk striped in lines with black, brought from either shoulder to cross on the bust. Round the waist is a belt of black drawn through a shaped buckle, and tying into a bow with long ends, while at the throat is a lace collar-band.

An imaginative young woman who saw and despised many too, too ordinary



bathing costumes at a seaside resort, went home and sketched the two which are reproduced on this page. They are distinctly pretty and even picturesque, but I am not sure if they are equally practical. The first is supposed to be carried out in wedgewood blue serge, with revers of écaru linen and bands of similar insertion. The second is a combination of white serge and yellow linen, the knickerbocker, bodice and skirt to be of the serge, the Turkish jacket and sash of the yellow linen, which might further be adorned by an applique of coarse white lace. The cap should be of yellow linen lined with oilskin, and the costume completed by a pair of white canvas shoes.

Gwendolen Gay.



BY A "BLUR APRON."

OEUF AU FROMAGE.—Beat up six whole eggs for two minutes, add to them four ounces of grated Swiss and Parmesan cheese, also a pinch of sugar, a little nutmeg and an ounce of butter. Melt another ounce of butter in a saucepan, pour the eggs into it and stir the liquid over a slow fire with a spoon until the mixture thickens to the consistency of cream. Take it off the fire, keep stirring it for two minutes, then mix in two spoonfuls of raw cream. Pour into boat-shaped tartlet crusts, made with very thin foundation paste. Bake in a hot oven; serve. They form a delicious garnish.

PURÉE OF CUCUMBERS.—Peel the cucumbers and remove the seeds. After paring, weigh two pounds of them and blanch for a few minutes in boiling salted water. Drain well, mince, and fry in four ounces of butter. Then moisten with sufficient stock to cover, and let them cook and reduce until all the broth is absorbed. Pound them in a mortar, adding a pint of very thick béchamel sauce. Press through a sieve, then heat the purée, adding two ounces of fine butter just before serving. Béchamel sauce is made by mixing butter and flour, cooking while stirring without allowing to color. Let it cook for fifteen minutes, then dilute gradually with half boiled milk and half veal blond or stock. Stir the liquid on the fire until it boils, then stir in roots and onions fried separately in butter, some mushroom peelings and a bunch of parsley. Set on a slow fire and let cook for twenty-five minutes without ceasing to stir. Strain through a fine sieve, then through a tammy into a vessel; when cool set aside for future use.

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## THE DEFENCES AND DEFENDERS OF CHINA.

SOME four thousand five hundred and thirty-one years ago, Hoangti, according to Celestial record, became China's first Commander-in-Chief, or Emperor. At the birth of Christ, China had already had a hundred rulers. Emperor Gaiti, of the Han dynasty, commenced his reign 6 B.C., dying A.D. 1, while Emperor Pingti, of the same family, reigned from 1 A.D. to 6 A.D. The present incumbent is a Manchu, and was the choice of Tsi Au, styled the Eastern Empress, and her colleague, the Empress Tsi Hsi; accordingly Prince Tsi Tien, the elect, ascended the throne under the style of Kwangsu, or Illustrious Succession.

When one realizes that China has been an Empire four thousand five hundred and thirty-one years, one cannot but respect a form of government that wears so well; but what should be said of the military that has defended it? The Chinese Tartar soldier, in the face of absolute and overwhelming defeat, never surrenders; he will kill his wife and babies, set himself down in his home and burn himself alive, leaving nothing but a heap of ashes for the victors. It is a capital offence for a Chinese officer to fail in any mission entrusted to him; so that an officer, outside of his salary and awards, is sure of one thing officially from imperial sources—namely, decapitation or promotion.

China has had many brave and dashing generals at the head of her forces. The father of the present imperial representative at the Court of St. James, General Tseng Kwfan, was a Chinese commander of great personal magnetism, strictly honest, and most unassuming in his ways, being the idol of the army and Chinese people. Under him his eighty thousand warriors became "the Ever-Victorious Army" that put down finally the Taiping rebellion.

In the manufacture of torpedoes, in mining, and throwing fire-balls, the Chinese have few superiors. As ordnance engineers and in constructing defensive earthworks, they have been able to defend themselves against the best English ordnance.

The Black Flags are a sort of compromise. They fight for the Imperial Government without pay, but are allowed to pillage to their hearts' content. When not employed by the Government they are making it hot for the neighboring Chinese. A black flag is their only ensign, under which no prisoners are taken. The Chinese simply act as exterminators. Common enemies they behead with their cup cups, while officers are tortured according to rank—the higher the officer the more the torture. The Chinese are masters of the science of refined cruelty.

Ordinary Chinese towns on the frontier are built in barrier forts, as shown in our illustration. Peking is fortified in the same manner, on a large scale, the outer wall being sixty feet thick, with a citadel or inner wall in proportion.

Nungan Pass Fort, shown in the illustration on page 9, is almost a natural fortification, the appearance of which the Chinese have purposely made to appear unimportant. The Chinese Wall as a military barrier will probably never be excelled in strength or magnitude of conception. In firearms the Chinese have a large supply of the most modern repeating magazine rifles, smokeless powder and German silver-covered bullets. The or-

dinary bowman's suit shown in the illustration is practically a bullet-proof contrivance.

A Chinaman becomes a soldier on receiving the weapon from a mandarin. Then the mandarin's secretary fixes upon his breast a circular cotton pad, upon which is inscribed his name, age, birthplace, and army division. He is then a full-fledged Celestial warrior. The sharpshooters, of course, receive better equipments and consideration.

The Imperial Government further reward their soldiers according to a sliding scale, in this manner: twenty dollars for every enemy killed; one hundred dollars for each man captured alive; twenty thousand dollars for a man-of-war or cruiser; and so on. Colonels and generals in good condition for torture bring fancy prices.

Between officials of rank great ceremony exists, as shown in the illustration, where a Tartar general is receiving a military letter. The centre sketch shows a victorious general in uniform with the Imperial feathers and button of rank.

At one time the Pearl River Black Flags formed a powerful confederacy, which was absolutely independent of the Chinese Government; but they were destroyed in a most peculiar way. The Red division consisted of many hundred war junks, as also did the Black division. A dispute arose; the Reds and Blacks fought until the sea was strewn with wrecks: both divisions were totally destroyed. So the Chinese were rid of them without firing a gun. The present Black Flag junks are an imitation of the Reds and Blacks, or Ladrone, of the past.

China's army is a conglomerated mixture, but a most deadly one; while her diplomacy is all that Confucius, the crowned king of Chinese literature, could wish for.—(See page 9.)

### TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS.

THE torpedo boat has for many years been a recognized, a well appreciated engine of warfare, and is often more than a match for the largest and most powerful battleships.

Many have been the ideas formulated and schemes devised to protect the vulnerable parts of ships from these diminutive but much feared adversaries, but as yet almost all devices, when brought to practical test, have proved unequal to the task. However, the torpedo boat now has a foe worthy of its steel. I refer to the "Torpedo Boat Destroyer," recently tested at the Portsmouth Dockyard in England. These machines are nothing but steel shells, in which are placed powerful engines—which make the boats move speedily than anything of their tonnage afloat. Upon the decks are mounted rapid-firing guns on elevated platforms, and at each end is a torpedo tube. The speed of these boats is over twenty-seven knots, or upward of thirty-one statute miles, per hour; and they proved at their trial that the catching of a torpedo boat going under full steam was mere child's play to them. Even this performance is to be exceeded by another English boat, which is now building at M. Normand's yard, and is confidently expected to make thirty knots, or thirty-four and one-half statute miles, per hour. This is the speed of the ordinary express train, and is equal to one thousand yards per minute.

It opens up a possibility that in the naval action of the near future two flotillas may approach each other at a speed of two thousand yards per minute; and from the time, at a distance of five miles, to the instant when they are in collision, only a little over four minutes may elapse.

The *Havock* and *Hornet*, as the destroyers are called, will prove dread enemies to any hostile torpedo boats with which they may have to deal in the future.—(See page 4.)

### CHESS AND CHECKERS.

SOLUTIONS to Checker Problem No. 3 have been received from E. C. Sanders, C. E. Werkheiser, John J. Daley, W. Leaver, W. H. Bell and H. Goldman, of Sheffield, Ala. After a careful examination of all solutions received, we concluded that Mr. Goldman was entitled to Durgin's Single Corner, which has been mailed to his address.

The Washington and Savannah Chess Clubs are arranging a correspondence team match. The selected openings have been divided equitably among the players, and the pairing has been agreed to by both clubs. This will be the first contest of the kind to take place in the United States, and chess-players throughout the country generally display much interest in it.

Indications are that the midsummer meeting of the New York State Chess Association at Buffalo this month will doubtless prove a striking event in the history of that organization. The Brooklyn and Staten Island clubs will be ably represented in the *Staats Zeitung* cup tour-

namment by Messrs. Hodges and Pillsbury. The match between these two experts seems to have fallen through. The delegates of the Manhattan and City Clubs have not yet been announced. Pollock is expected to represent Albany. The champion of the world, Mr. Steinitz, may give a simultaneous exhibition.

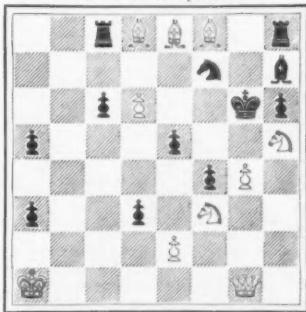
The Paris and St. Petersburg correspondence match has been adjourned until September 3, at move sixteen in the "Queen's gambit," Paris having the attack, and at move eighteen in the "Evan's gambit," St. Petersburg playing white. The games are remarkable for depth and accuracy.

A writer in the *New York Advertiser* says:

"Several gentlemen have been asking the newspapers lately why nearly all the great chess-players (too strongly stated) have been of Jewish origin, and so far none of them has been satisfactorily answered. Steinitz says that he is going to write an article soon, giving his views on the subject. No doubt it will be well worth reading. One of his opinions on the subject is that, during the centuries of oppression the mental powers of the Jews were kept in a state of comparative inactivity, and now the world having agreed to treat the Hebrew as well as any other man, the dammed-up energies of his people have burst forth like a flood and Jews are forcing themselves into prominence in every walk of life."

### CHESS PROBLEM NO. 5.—By A. E. STUDD.

Black—Twelve pieces.



White—Ten pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves. The solver will find the above problem quite instructive and interesting. Can you solve it?

"RUY LOPEZ."

The following game was played between Messrs. Friberg and Pleasants.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Pleasants.)	(Friberg.)	(Pleasants.)	(Friberg.)
1 P-K4	P-K4	20 R-B2	Q-B2
2 K-Kt-B3	Q-Kt-B3	21 K-R-B1	Q-Q2
3 B-Kt5	P-Q3	22 Kt x B	Q x Kt
4 P-Q4	B-Q2	23 R x P	Q-Q7
5 P x P (a)	P x B	24 Q-B4 (ch)	R-R1
6 Q-K2	B-B3	25 K-R-B2	Q-Q8 (ch)
7 B-K3	Kt-B3	26 Q-B1	P-QR3
8 Kt-B3	Q-K2	27 P-KR3	Q-Q4
9 Kt-Q5	Kt x Kt	28 K-R-B5	Q-Q5
10 P x Kt	Kt-Kt5	29 P-Q Kt4	Q-Kt7
11 B x B (ch)	Q x B	30 R-K7	Q x R P
12 P-B4	R-Q1	31 R x Kt P	P-R4
13 B-Kt5	P-B3	32 R x P	Q-Kt6
14 O O cles	O O cles	33 R-R1	P-KR3
15 P-QR3	Kt x P	34 P-Kt5	R-Q7
16 P x Kt	P x B	35 R on Kt	
17 Kt x P		36 Q-R7	K-R x P
(Kt5)	R-B4	37 K x R	R x Q
18 Kt-K4 (b)	Q-B2	38 K x R	Q x P
19 Q-R-QB1	Q x P		

Drawn game.  
(a) Fatal inclination "to take something." Without being absolute tacticians, chess-players should take in moderation. This frees Black's game.  
(b) Kt-K6 was worth considering.

### SOLUTION TO CHECKER PROBLEM NO. 3.

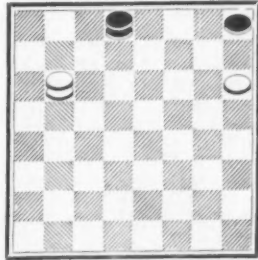
By A. J. HEFFNER.

White—23, 26, 30, 32.	White to move and win.	White—23, 26, 30, 32.	White to move and win.
23-24 (a)	16-11	7-3	23-19
11-15	19-26	25-30	22-17
24-30	30-23	3-8	32-28
14-17	17-22	30-25	31-27
20-16	11-7	8-12	23-18
15-19	22-25	25-22	27-24

(a) Some of our solvers played 23-19 here and showed a win, but Mr. Heffner draws with—  
23-19 30-23 25-24 24-20 15-11  
31-25 27-31 31-25 19-16 Dr. wn.

### PROBLEM BY J. A. KEAR.

Black 4, King 2.



White 12, King 9. Black to move and draw.

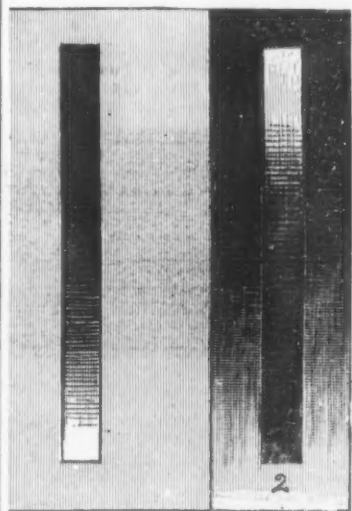
### SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

PLACE the accompanying cut at a distance of about two yards from the eye and look fixedly at No. 1. It is in reality a long narrow rectangle shaded from black to white. But, though the sides are exactly parallel to one another, by a curious optical illusion the shaded strip seems to broaden at the base, or white end, and to contract at the top, or black end, so as to present the appearance of a

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section of a cone, like one of the tall chimneys of a workshop. To prove the illusion and destroy it, you have but to place the band, or shaded strip, on a similar larger one, but shaded in a con-



rary sense, so that the light part of the smaller one rests on the dark part of the other, as in fig. 2. The illusion is immediately destroyed and the band looks as it really is—a perfect rectangle.

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